

The Musical World

FINE ART & DRAMATIC OBSERVER.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

VOL. 70.—No. 6.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1890.

PRICE 3D

ROYAL ACADEMY of MUSIC, Tenterden-street, W.
Patrons: The QUEEN and the ROYAL FAMILY.
Principal—Dr. A. C. MACKENZIE.
NEXT FORTNIGHTLY CONCERT, THIS DAY (Saturday), February 8, at 8.
For Prospectus, &c., apply to JOHN GILL, Secretary.

ROYAL COLLEGE of MUSIC, Kensington Gore.
Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1883.
President—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
Director—Sir GEORGE GROVE, D.C.L., LL.D.
NEXT COLLEGE CONCERT on February 13th, 1890, at 8.
Examination for ASSOCIATE of the ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC (A.R.C.M.), April, 1890. Last day for receiving applications March 6th. Particulars and Forms may be obtained from Mr. George Watson, Registrar, at the College.
CHARLES MORLEY, Hon. Sec.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—For MUSICAL EDUCATION and EXAMINATION. Inst. 1872.
President—The EARL of ABERDEEN.
Warden—The Rev. H. G. BONAVIA HUNT, Mus. D., F.R.S.E.
Director of Studies—Prof. BRADBURY TURNER, Mus. B.
Director of Examinations—Prof. Jas. Higgs, Mus. B.
The THIRD LECTURE on the "Musical Renaissance" will be delivered by MORTON LATHAM, Esq., M.A., Mus. B., Queen Victoria Lecturer, on THURSDAY, 20th February, at 4 o'clock.
SCHOLARSHIPS, PRIZES, &c.
In JULY next the following will be open for Competition:—
*The "Henry Smart" Scholarship, tenable for 3 years.
*The "Sir Julius Benedict" Pianoforte Exhibition.
*The "Sims Reeves" Vocal Exhibition.
*The College Violin, Viola, Violoncello and Double Bass Exhibitions.
*The College Organ Exhibition.
*The "Gabriel" Prize.
*The "Tallis" Gold Medal, &c., &c.
These are open to all comers.
Regulations, &c., may be obtained post free from the undersigned.
By order of the Academic Board,
SHELLEY FISHER, Secretary
Mandeville-place, Manchester-square, W.

THE SOCIETY of ARTS PRACTICAL EXAMINATION in VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC will this year be held in London, during the week commencing MONDAY, the 2nd of June.
The Society's Bronze Medal will be given to any Candidate obtaining full marks in this Examination.
A limited number of the Society's Silver Medals will be awarded to those Candidates (taking a First Class) whom the Examiner shall certify as having acquitted themselves best in the Honours portion of the Examination.
Full particulars may be obtained on application.
H. TRUEMAN WOOD, Secretary.
Society's House, John-street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

NATIONAL SOCIETY of PROFESSIONAL MUSICIANS.
(Established 1882.)
LOCAL EXAMINATIONS in MUSIC—PRACTICAL and THEORETICAL.
The characteristics of these examinations are:—An absolutely well defined syllabus of requirements; the attendance of two examiners at each examination; no professional local representation; candidates only known to the examiners by numbers; list of marks gained sent to each candidate after examination.
Over 1,500 candidates examined last session.
All particulars from the General Secretary, Mr. Edward Chadfield, 49, Friar Gate, Derby.

THOROUGHLY COMPETENT ORGANIST and CHOIR MASTER required for St. Mary's Baptist Chapel, Norwich. Organ with 3 manuals and 30 sounding stops. Applications to be sent to the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, The Crescent, Norwich.

COLLEGE of ORGANISTS.
The LIBRARY is OPEN on TUESDAYS from 7 to 9.
Proposed Arrangements for the Session, 1890.
March 4 1890 ... Lecture.
April 14 " ... Annual Dinner.
May 6 " ... Lecture.
June 3 " ... Lecture.
July 1 " ... Lecture.
July 15 " ... F.C.O. Examination (Paper Work).
" 16 " ... F.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing).
" 17 " ... F.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing).
" 18 " ... Distribution of Diplomas.
" 22 " ... A.C.O. Examination (Paper Work).
" 23 " ... A.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing).
" 24 " ... A.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing).
" 25 " ... Diploma Distribution.
" 31 " ... Annual General Meeting.
Bloomsbury. E. H. TURPIN, Hon. Secretary.

DRURY LANE—THE NATIONAL THEATRE.
TWICE DAILY at 1.30 and 7.15. JACK AND THE BEANSTALK. Messrs. Nicholls, Leno, Lauri, jun., Griffiths Bros., Conquest, jun., Leopold Bros., Fleon, Stanton, Abbs, Harry Payne, and Campbell; Misses Vernon, Faudelle, Hewitt, Eena, and Daggan.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERTS.—These Concerts will be resumed on FEBRUARY 8th, at 3.0. Vocalist: Madame Hope Glenn. Pianoforte: Herr Stavenhagen, who will play Liszt's "Zodentanz" symphonic variations on the "Dies Irae" for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Schubert's Minuet in B minor, and Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 12. The programme will also contain concert overture "To the Memory of a Hero" (Conkery), first time of performance. Symphony No. 4 in B flat (Beethoven), Overture to "Iphigenie en Aulide," with Wagner's ending (Gluck), and overture "William Tell" (Rossini). Conductor: Mr. August Manns. Seats 1s. and 2s. 6d.

THE MEISTERSINGERS' CLUB.
SOIREE-MUSICALE, FEBRUARY 11th, 9.30 p.m.
BAND of SCOTS GUARDS, under the Direction of Mr. EDWARD HOLLAND, will play the following:—
Overtures "Rienzi" Wagner.
" "Oberon" Weber.
Lieder ohne Worte Mendelssohn.
Allegretto from 8th Symphony Beethoven.
"Roddier than a cherry" Handel.
"Acis and Galatea" Haydn.
Farewell Symphony (last two movements) Haydn.
Divertissement "Lohengrin" Wagner.

MISS GEISLER SCHUBERT and MISS FILLUNGER'S TWO CHAMBER CONCERTS at Prince's Hall, on WEDNESDAY, February 12, and WEDNESDAY, February 26, at 3 o'clock, assisted by Herr Straus (violin), Mr. Whitehouse (violoncello). Stalls 7s. 6d., or three for one guinea; balcony, 3s.; admission 1s. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84, New Bond-street; Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; Prince's Hall; and of Miss Geisler Schubert, 64, Addison-road, Kensington, and Miss Fillunger, 20, Queensberry-place, Queen's-gate.

MISS MARIAN BATEMAN will give a PIANOFORTE RECITAL at Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour-street, Portman-square, on WEDNESDAY, February 12th, at 3 o'clock. The programme will include Beethoven's Sonata Op. 10, No. 3; Grieg's Suite Ans Holberg's Zeit; Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, and works by Brahms, Schumann, Chopin, &c. Vocalist: Miss Emmie Finney. Reserved seats, 6s.; Unreserved, 2s.; Balcony, 1s. Tickets may be had at the Hall.

CONCERT MANAGEMENT, Mr. BASIL TREE (Successor to Mr. Ambrose Austin), St. James's Hall Piccadilly, undertakes the management of concerts.

ACCOMPANIST, Good, can read well at Sight. Publicly or Privately. Address, Miss E. B., 47, Adelaide-road, South Hampstead.

THE ART of SINGING.

New Edition Revised and Improved of

A COURSE of STUDY and PRACTICE for the VOICE.
By T. WALLWORTH.

A Method as used by the Author in the Royal Academy of Music, and upon which he has cultivated the voices of his Pupils, Madame Alwina Valleria, Mr. Iver M'Kay, and other successful Vocalists.

Full Music Size, price 7s.

London: HAMMOND and CO. (late Jullien), 5, Vigo-street; and of the Author, at his residence, 27, Harley-street, W.

GUILD of ORGANISTS.
BURLINGTON HALL, SAVILE ROW, W.

Patron: The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London.
President: Sir Herbert Osakeley, Mus. Doc., LL.D.

For Prospectus and Form of Application for Membership, address the Secretary.
On MONDAY, the 10th February, a paper will be read by Mr. J. Thomson, F.R.A.M., entitled "The Pointing of the Psalter for Anglican Use."
A CONVERSATION will be held at Burlington Hall on the 17th FEBRUARY. Reception 7.30 to 8 p.m. Evening dress optional. Application for tickets must be made not later than the 13th February.

J. T. FIELD, Sec'y-Warden.

MORETON HAND, Hon. Sec.



PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

1 Insertion (not exceeding 4 lines)	£0 2 0
13 do. do.	1 1 0
26 do. do.	1 15 0
52 do. do.	3 3 0

Payable in advance.

CONDUCTORS and COMPOSERS.

Mr. F. GILBERT WEBB,
1, CHESILTON ROAD, FULHAM, S.W.

Dr. F. J. KARN (Mus. Bac. Cantab.),
L. Mus. Trinity College, London, Conductor and Professor
of Harmony and Composition, Singing and Voice
Production,
70, PARK ROAD, HAVERSTOCK HILL, N.W.

Mr. ALBERT VISETTI,
Professor of Singing, Composer, and Conductor,
12, WESTBOURNE PARK TERRACE, W.

Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER, A.R.A.M.,
Composer, Conductor, Lecturer,
SHERBOURNE, DORSET.

Mr. G. W. L. MARSHALL-HALL
Gives Lessons in Composition and Dramatic Singing,
151, RUCKLIDGE AVENUE, WILLESDEN JUNC., N.W.

Mr. G. B. LISSANT,
Organist St. Augustine's, South Kensington, S.W.,
47, REDBURN STREET, TEDWORTH SQUARE, S.W.

VOCALISTS—SOPRANOS.

Madame VALLERIA,
Opera and Concerts,
BOSWORTH HOUSE, HUSBAND'S BOSWORTH, RUGBY.

Miss JULIA JONES (Soprano)
Begs that all communications respecting Oratorios,
Concerts, &c., will be addressed to
4, ST. THOMAS'S RD., FINSBURY PARK, LONDON, N.

Miss KATE FLINN,
Concerts and Oratorio,
41, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.

BARITONES.

Herr RAGNAR GREVILLIUS,
Concerts, Oratorio, and Operas,
SCANDINAVIAN CLUB, 80 and 81, STRAND, W.C.

Mr. WILFRED CUNLIFFE,
For Concerts and At Homes,
74, GLOUCESTER PLACE, DORSET SQUARE, N.W.

Mr. W. WANDESFORDE,
ROCHESTER HOUSE, BROOK GREEN,
LONDON, W.

TENORS.

Mr. BARTON MCGUCKIN.
All communications to be addressed to
40, FINCHLEY ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.

Chevalier EDWARD SCOVEL,
Operas, Concerts, and Oratorio,
Address F. A. SCHWAB, Agent,
11, EAST 27TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

Mr. W. ESMOND,
24, UPPER MOUNT STREET, DUBLIN.

Mr. HOLBERRY HAGYARD,
Principal Tenor Trinity Coll., Cambridge,
For Concerts and At Homes,
Address—TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

CONTRALTOS.

Miss ELEANOR REES,
Concerts, Oratorio, &c.,
26, GLOUCESTER CRESCENT, REGENT'S PARK, N.W.
Or N. VERT, 6, CORK STREET, W.

Miss MARGUERITE HALL,
Concerts, Oratorio, &c.,
38, BELSIZE ROAD, N.W.

Miss LENA LITTLE,
Concerts,
42, NORFOLK SQUARE, HYDE PARK, W.

Madame OSCAR POLLACK,
Concerts,
56, DUCHESS ROAD, EDGBASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

Miss HENDEN-WARDE,
Concerts, At Homes, Lessons,
37, YORK PLACE, PORTMAN SQUARE.

Miss JANET TATHAM,
Professor at the Hyde Park Academy of Music.
For Concerts and At Homes.
Lessons Given.
Address—18, BAKER STREET, W.

BASS.

Mr. FRANKLIN CLIVE,
Concerts, At Homes, &c.
44, GT. MARLBOROUGH STREET.

HARP.

Mr. W. T. BARKER,
Concerts, At Homes, Receptions,
49, EBURY STREET, BELGRAVIA, S.W.

GUITAR.

Madame SIDNEY PRATTEN,
GUITARISTE,
Instructress to H.R.H. Princess Louise.
22A, DORSET STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, W.,
where may be had her celebrated book, "Learning the
Guitar Simplified," 10s. 6d.

VIOLIN.

Signor LUIGI MEO,
Solo Violinist,
"POPLARS," HAMPTSTEAD HILL GARDENS,
HAMPTSTEAD, N.W.
Pupils visited and received.

Miss FREDa MARSDEN,
Solo Violinist,
7, COLOSSEUM TERRACE,
ALBANY STREET, LONDON, N.W.

TEACHERS.

Mr. HAYDEN G. BAILEY,
Recommended by his teacher, Mr. Henschel,
Gives Lessons in Singing.
31, BEDFORD GARDENS, CAMPDEN HILL, W.

Madame GEORGINA BURNS and
Mr. LESLIE CROTTY,
Address—27, BRIDGE AVENUE, HAMMERSMITH.

The FRASER QUINTET.
Misses Violet (Vocalist), Ida and Ethel (Pianist, Violon-
cello, and Viola), Mabel and Stella (Violinists), play
Quartets, Solos, Duets, Two Pianofortes, &c.
For Engagements, for Concerts, "At Homes," Dinner
and Garden Parties.
121, ADELAIDE ROAD, N.W.

PIANOFORTE.

Madame de LLANA
(Diplômé and Prize Holder of the Leipzig Conservatoire)
is open to accept engagements for Concerts and "At
Homes" and a limited number of lessons. Address:
25, GROVE GARDENS, HANOVER GATE, N.W.

Mr. HEALEY'S SPECIAL LIST.

Telegraphic Address:
"HEALEY'S AGENCY," LONDON.

Madame LILIAN NORDICA (Soprano),
Opera, Oratorio, Concert,
Address to Business Manager: W. B. HEALEY,
10A, WARWICK STREET, W.

Miss FLORENCE EMERSON (Soprano),
Concerts, Oratorio, At Homes, &c.,
Business Manager: W. B. HEALEY,
10A, WARWICK STREET, W.

Madame BELLE COLE (Contralto),
Oratorio and Concert,
Business Manager: W. B. HEALEY,
10A, WARWICK STREET, W.

Miss FALCONAR (Contralto),
Oratorio, Concerts, &c.,
24, OFFIDANS ROAD, PRIMROSE HILL, N.W.,
or Business Manager: W. B. HEALEY,
10A, WARWICK STREET, W.

Mr. WILLIAM NICHOLL (Tenor),
28, BELSIZE ROAD, N.W.,
or, Sole Agent: W. B. HEALEY,
10A, WARWICK STREET, W.

Mr. JOHN PROBERT (Tenor),
Oratorio and Concert,
Business Manager: W. B. HEALEY,
10A, WARWICK STREET, W.

Mr. HERBERT E. THORNDIKE
(BARITONE),
Concerts and Oratorio,
Business Manager: W. B. HEALEY,
10A, WARWICK STREET, W.

Herr WALDEMAR MEYER (Solo Vlnst.),
Concerts, At Homes, &c.,
Business Manager: W. B. HEALEY,
10A, WARWICK STREET, REGENT STREET, W.

LIST of PORTRAITS that have appeared
IN THE
MUSICAL WORLD.

May 4. Edward Grieg.
May 11. Carl Rosa.
May 18. F. H. Cowen.
May 25. Senor Sarasate.
June 1. Frederic Cliffe.
June 8. Prof. Herkimer's "An Idyl."
June 15. Fraulein Hermine Spies.
June 22. Signorina Teresina Tua.
June 29. Madame Marcella Sembrich.
July 6. Madame Becker Gröndhal.
July 13. Sir John Stainer.
July 20. Madame Lillian Nordica.
July 27. M. Jean de Reszke.
Aug. 3. Charles Dibdin.
Aug. 10. Joseph Hollman.
Aug. 17. Madame Sarah Bernhardt.
Aug. 24. Frau Amalie Materna.
Aug. 31. Herr Van Dyck.
Sept. 7. M. Johannes Wolff.
Sept. 14. Madame Patey.
Sept. 21. Mr. Arthur Oswald.
Sept. 28. The Bayreuth Conductors.
Oct. 5. Miss Rosalind F. Ellicott.
Oct. 12. Dr. A. C. Mackenzie.
Oct. 19. Dr. Bernhard Scholz.
Oct. 26. Madame Fatti-Nicolini.
Nov. 2. Johannes Brahms.
Nov. 9. Professor Villiers Stanford.
Nov. 16. Arrigo Boito.
Nov. 23. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.
Nov. 30. Miss Marianne Eisler.
Dec. 7. Madame Trebelli.
Dec. 14. Mr. J. H. Bonawitz.
Dec. 21. Robert Browning.
Dec. 28. Miss Grace Damiani.
Jan. 4. Mr. Plunket Greene.
Jan. 11. Mr. Frederick Corder.
Jan. 18. Madame Georgina Burns.
Jan. 25. Professor Arthur de Greef.
Feb. 1. Miss Margaret Macintyre.
The above can be obtained with the accompanying issue
of the paper Post Free 3jd. per copy.

A BLESSING IN EVERY FAMILY.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—These Remedies have stood the test of Fifty Years' Experience, and are pronounced the best medicines for family use. Tens of thousands of written testimonials bear witness to their marvellous curative properties. They are acknowledged by the whole civilised world to be of the greatest efficacy in every form of disease. Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors. Manufactured only at Thomas Holloway's Establishment, 78, New Oxford-street, London. N.B.—Advice gratis at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 3, or by letter.

THE "CECILIA" LITERARY AND MUSICAL INSTITUTE,

39, QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

THE FOLLOWING ROOMS ARE NOW AVAILABLE:

NEWS ROOM.—This room is on the Ground Floor, and is supplied with some of the leading Daily and other Newspapers, Magazines, &c. In connection is a Refreshment Bar, which will be conducted on Temperance principles.

BILLIARD ROOM	} On the First Floor.
GENERAL WRITING ROOM	
WRITING ROOM FOR LADIES	
CLASS ROOMS	} On the Second Floor.
THE LIBRARY	

There are also other rooms which will be utilised as soon as need shall arise.

TERMS OF ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Town	...	£1 1 0	Juniors (under 16 years)	...	£0 10 6
Country	...	0 10 6	Country	...	0 5 0

Shorter terms of Subscription are permissible, but only Annual Subscribers will be regarded as Members: such only may write and receive letters at the Institute or use the Library Books.

The Institute will be at the service of subscribers during the following hours:—

For Ladies—From 8:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.
For Gentlemen—From 8:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m.
For Juniors—From 1 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.

The above hours may be extended to meet the exigencies of those who wish to attend the Classes, for which there will be special fees.

All Subscriptions and fees are to be paid in advance. Annual Subscriptions date from 1st January to 24th December.
For further particulars apply at the Institute.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

*** All advertisements for the current week's issue should be lodged with the Printer not later than noon Thursday.

*** MSS. and Letters intended for publication must be addressed to THE EDITOR. Rejected MSS. cannot be returned unless accompanied by stamped directed envelope.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For United Kingdom.		For Foreign Countries and Colonies within Postal Union.	
Per Annum	£0 15 0	Per Annum	£0 17 0
„ Half-year	0 7 6	„ Half-year	0 8 6
„ Quarter	0 3 10	„ Quarter	0 4 4

(Payable in advance.)

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1890.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

That vivacious and original genius, Mr. G. R. Sims, has rhythmically remarked somewhere that "The Earth hath her mysteries, and so hath the Sun;" but we doubt if life has ever presented to him a more insoluble mystery than that of the Artist-Snob. How comes it that he who spends his life in the production or interpretation of the beautiful, and who might therefore be expected to embody in visible form the highest elements of grace and taste, is so often a man of violent passions and vulgar instincts? We are led to these propositions by a recent feat of Mr. Eugen D'Albert, the young pianist who is at the moment touring in the United States with Sarasate and ill-success. Everyone knows that the youth was born in Glasgow, and prosecuted his early studies under English masters of distinction. We remember, also, that, deeming England unworthy of his genius, he shook its

dust off his feet for a testimony against us, and foreswore the land of his birth. But quite recently Mr. D'Albert has gone further than this. He has written his autobiography for an American contemporary, in which he asserts that he was born in Germany! And, passing over his period of studentship in England, he merely states that, being perceived to be a youth of uncommon merit, he was placed under Liszt and Tausig. No doubt things are badly arranged in this world, and many of us, had the choice been ours, would have been born in other places, or under other stars; but Mr. D'Albert's imagination is not to be hemmed in by facts or force. She is, to quote Mr. Ruskin, a pilgrim on earth, and her home is in—Germany. Seriously, however, was it worth while to make this pitiful display of meanness and vanity? Perhaps we are unworthy to listen to or incapable of appreciating Mr. D'Albert's remarkable gifts, amongst which that of Memory, Fond Memory, is so peculiarly developed; but is such contemptible snobbishness worthy of one who aspires to join the great band of artist-souls? For us it is a small matter that Mr. D'Albert should repudiate us so completely; but for himself it is an infinitely serious thing that he should be capable of such smallness of spirit.

Is Salvini also among the prophets—which is to say, the critics—seeing that inspiration and insight into the deepest things are to-day granted to them alone? The great tragedian, who was recently playing in Chicago at the time when Tamagno was singing "Otello" in the same city, has delivered himself of some criticisms on the libretto written by Boito for Verdi's opera. Salvini says:—"The trouble with it is, or the fault, I should say, rather, that it shows but one side of Otello's character. He is at all times the revengeful, savage, jealous Moor, his magnanimity being lost sight of entirely. Iago's character is treated similarly. Iago announces that he is a villain at the outset, thus destroying the dramatic quality of the character, for the audience knows at once that he is a scoundrel. Verdi could have written a better libretto himself. I am astonished that he should have accepted this one." To this criticism we are inclined to reply in the manner of the defendant in a libel action, and say: firstly, it is not true; secondly, if it were it would not matter. The Moor of Boito's book is not so completely a savage, but has, with his great original, his moments of tenderness and nobility, while his Iago is, it appears to us, a marvellously subtle character, developed with singular truth. But it may also be suggested that Boito and Verdi would have been quite within their rights had they chosen, in the smaller space allowed to an opera, to illustrate the central incident, and therewith the most salient side of character round which the whole play moves. In the opera we get to the crisis much more quickly than in the play, and the fierce Moorish jealousy blazes out with more startling suddenness. And, moreover, as has been cogently pointed out to Salvini by our contemporary, the "Indicator" of Chicago, the actor is probably unconscious of the difficulties attendant upon writing a play that is to be set to music. He is not alone, for the audience equally ignores the hardness of the librettist's task and of the singer's performance. At a critical point in a play the leading actor can, within certain limits, take his own time, playing his part fast or slowly; but the operatic artist has to regulate every detail of his "business" by the music.

Some remarks were made in these columns last week upon the unfortunate policy by which Mr. Henschel and Sir Charles Hallé gave orchestral concerts on consecutive evenings. The force of those remarks is now emphasized by the repetition this week of the same occurrence, with this added, that the "Eroica" Symphony

found a place in both programmes. It would be hard to conceive any procedure more disastrous to the interests of art and artists, and it is necessary to ask plainly if there be any reason for it other than oversight. But, if this be the only cause, the directors of each series must fall under the condemnation of gross carelessness. It cannot be impossible for *entrepreneurs* to look ahead sufficiently far to prevent such a deplorable coincidence. And if it be the result of competition, the condemnation must be even heavier, for it would seem to prove the absence of any care for the success of art, driven out by the desire for personal success. It is painful to have to imagine such things of two distinguished musicians; and if this be indeed due only to rivalry, we shall pray for the speedy appearance of the socialistic millennium. If, that is to say, socialism will really give the death-blow to this mutual throat-cutting and selfishness.

* *

It is pleasant to turn from such a question to the more comfortable thought that perhaps the inclusion in each programme of the "Eroica" Symphony bears special reference to the anniversary of Wagner's death, on February 13, 1883. Here, indeed, we prefer to imagine a more than accidental coincidence on the part of the orchestral directors, and to believe that they have been prompted by the same veneration for the memory of the great master. There may perhaps be a few belated wayfarers lagging far behind on the musical highway, to whom the name of Wagner is still unassociated with heroic ideas; but such are well-nigh overtaken by night. We have ceased, with Carlyle, to limit the application of the name of "hero" to the general of huge armies and the overthrower of kings and governments. We have learned that any man who has in any great degree added to the beauty of the world, quickened its sympathies, or ennobled its passion; above all, who has followed and attained his ideal, is worthy to be counted amongst the heroes. And in this method of recalling the memory of Wagner Sir Charles Hallé and Mr. Henschel have chosen an honourable part. Is it, we wonder, by accident or choice that Mr. Couldery's overture "To the Memory of a Hero" is included in to-day's concert at the Crystal Palace?

* *

Encore Mr. Henschel. There can be no doubt that he has done well in deciding to institute a series of orchestral concerts for young people, who are at present thought of too little account to have special musical provision made for them. Of course there are many composers who have ministered to the juvenile taste by writing trashy works for the pianoforte to be performed during the holidays amid the proud applause of happy mothers. But it is obvious, when we consider the musical conditions obtaining in London, that up to the present day young people who are not students at any of our academies or colleges have small opportunity for the gradual and healthy acquisition of knowledge of orchestral works. By giving concerts on holiday afternoons in St. James's Hall, when programmes of simple but high class music will be performed by a competent orchestra, Mr. Henschel hopes to meet this obvious want. The first concert will take place on Wednesday, April 16, when Haydn's Symphony in G, the ballet music from Gluck's "Iphigenie en Aulide," and the Overture, Air, and Gavotte from Bach's Suite in D will be included in the programme. We wish Mr. Henschel the unequivocal success he deserves for this happy idea, borrowed in the first instance from America. And we suspect that if the "youth" of the audience be that rather of musical taste than of years there will be many grey heads therein.

From the extracts given in another column it will be seen that Mr. Haweis still believes that the English are not a musical people. The instance which he gives of their general inability to distinguish beautiful from unbeautiful sounds is indeed but one of many, easily possible. The question is not now whether the section, miserably small, of those who have sufficient taste to distinguish good art from bad is increasing or not; it is that the majority of the English public seem absolutely insensible to hideous noises. Big Ben is certainly a cacophonous monster, but his influence is practically confined to a small area, and we do not expect to find any acute æsthetic sensitiveness in politicians. Perhaps the toleration with which street organs and similar abominations are regarded affords a better illustration. The modern pianoforte at its best is a defective instrument, and has a good deal to answer for in regard to the anomalies of musical taste; but its faults are magnified tenfold in the piano organs which are allowed to infest our streets. The depressingly false intonation, hideous tone, and the vulgarity of the pieces which they "play" are, it would appear from recent utterances, listened to with indifference by many cultured persons, and with genuine delight by those of less culture. As long as these things are permitted Mr. Haweis need not spend much labour in demonstrating the justice of his position.

* *

There is in the new prospectus of the Philharmonic Society's next series of concerts, which commences on March 13th, a preponderance of the foreign element which may find observant musicians in matter for deep reflections. Into these we shall not attempt to enter, for we are more concerned to notice that, these considerations apart, the programme of the season is one of extreme interest. Dvorák and Moskowski are announced to conduct, the first his new symphony, the second his new orchestral suite, each written for the society; while Peter Benoit will conduct a selection from his "Charlotte Corday," Luigi Mancinelli his "Scene Veneziana," and Charles Widor his Fantaisie for piano and orchestra, all these being heard for the first time in England. As far as the engagements of soloists are completed, the list includes M. Sapellnikoff, Signor Buonamici, Mr. Borwick, and Mr. Philipp as pianists; M. Ysaye and M. Ondrick as violinists; and M. Blauwaert and Miss Macintyre as vocalists. The novelties by English composers include an orchestral work by Frederic Cliffe, a vocal duet by Goring Thomas, and the soprano scena from F. H. Cowen's "St. John's Eve." To this it need only be added that Mr. Cowen remains the general conductor of the society, and it will be seen that the season may justly be looked forward to with pleasure.

* *

Those musicians who intend to compete for the prize offered by the Genoese for the best work wherewith to celebrate the exploits of Christopher Columbus might profitably consult an interesting book which is just published by Ellis and Elvey. The book consists of a facsimile of the letter written by Columbus to Louis de Sant Angel, announcing his discovery of the New World; with a revised Spanish version, and a literal translation into English. The whole is edited by Julia E. S. Rae, who has added a highly interesting and useful critical notice upon the manuscript, which adds greatly to the value of the book as a document of historical interest.

* *

Our sincere congratulations and good wishes to Mr. Hermann Klein, the well known musical critic, whose marriage with Miss Clarice (Naomi) Cornwell will take place on Wednesday, February 19th, at the West London Synagogue at noon.

Our readers may be profitably reminded that the Crystal Palace Concerts enter on their new series to-day, when Herr Stavenhagen will play Liszt's "Todtentanz" and Mr. C. H. Couldery's new overture "To the Memory of a Hero," and Beethoven's Fourth Symphony will be played.

Miss Marian Bateman will give a pianoforte recital at the Steinway Hall on the afternoon of Wednesday next, when she will present a well chosen and interesting programme, including Beethoven's Sonata in D, Op. 10, No. 3, Grieg's suite, "Aus Holbergs Zeit," and Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, while songs will be given by Miss Emmie Finney. The clever young lady should be warmly supported.

We may also point out that the first of the two concerts announced by Miss Geisler Schubert and Miss Fillunger will take place on Wednesday next in Princes' Hall at three.

The next number of "The Meister" will contain the first instalment of a translation of Wagner's "A Pilgrimage to Beethoven;" a study by the editor on the poem of the "Meistersinger;" and a review of Wagner's correspondence with Ulrich, Fischer, and Heine. Mr. W. Ashton Ellis, the editor, will also read a paper on the latter subject to the Wagner Society at Trinity College on Wednesday next.

We have received from Mr. C. Woolhouse a song entitled "Stanley Triumphant," written by T. M. Busted, composed by Sydney Shaw. The words tell, in simple but stirring language, the story of Stanley's expedition, and Mr. Shaw has set them to spirited and, at times, dramatic music, which should find acceptance with all those who care to be reminded in musical language of such heroic deeds.

IN A WINTER CITY.

BY LOUIS N. PARKER.

(Continued from page 87.)

JANUARY 8.—This should have been a red-letter day. To-day Miss Malten, the magnificent, the queen of all our hearts, was to have returned to the scene of her unbroken chain of triumphs—and in "Tannhäuser!"—after an absence of eight weeks. But, alas! in the morning, villainous scraps of paper fluttering on the doors of the theatre announced that the solemn event was postponed till to-morrow. Fortunately I had another card up my sleeve, which proved a valuable trump. At five o'clock I assisted, by invitation, at the practice of the choral class of the Royal Conservatorium. You cannot expect an alumnus of an English Academy to puff a foreign one; but this particular exhibition was really admirable, and afforded me one of the most interesting hours I spent in Dresden. I love these old German music-schools. They are always quartered in solemn old-fashioned mansions. You enter by a wide gateway; you climb up endless stone stairs whose steps are worn away by the hopeful feet of numberless students, who have counted them a Jacob's ladder to glory. The thought that many of them have left their hopes upstair in the grey chambers, and have had to creep down again into the hard realities of the world which is humming and buzzing outside, only adds the needed pathos. You pass a grim Cerberus, and you find yourself in a series of lofty rooms, decorated after the fashion of last century, with tall windows, handsome ceilings, porcelain citadels for stoves, and stately great doors. The atmosphere is redolent of Albrechtsberger and counterpoint. The kindly quaint faces of the old masters beam down upon you from all the walls, and you wish—ah, how you wish!—you were young again, with your brain teeming with all those unwritten symphonies you bore about in your mind twenty years ago. The choral class here has always had great teachers: Wöllner, the famous Cologne conductor; Wernann, the composer, who is now doing such great work at the Kreuzschule; and

now Krantz, quiet, dignified, a perfect master of his subject, and, I should say, inferior to none of his predecessors in the power of imparting his knowledge to his pupils. Perhaps I saw matters through rosy spectacles. If I did, it is something the fault of my readers. I happened, most innocently, to drop a remark to the effect that I was not unconnected with the "MUSICAL WORLD," and at once became the object of gratifying courtesy on the part of the Conservatoire authorities. The ordinary course of the practice was interrupted to give me an opportunity of hearing the chorus sing works they were perfect in. A Gloria of Wernann's (a solid and masterly fugue) and smaller numbers by Roselli, Donati, Reichel and Reinecke, all *à capella*, displayed the choir in every variety of work, and always to the greatest advantage. The chorus does not consist only of vocal students (indeed, they are in the minority) but of instrumentalists and those who are acquiring general musical culture, and Mr. Krantz does not confine his efforts to the mere teaching of the work in hand, but analyses and explains the construction of it, and so combines a lesson in composition with his choral training. As for the singing, when it is remembered that the members of the chorus are not vocalists, that they are of all ages, and hail from nearly every country under the sun, nothing short of high praise will do justice to the result obtained. *Ex pede Herculem*: if the other studies at this Conservatoire are prosecuted with the same zeal and enthusiasm, Herr Pudor has every reason to be proud of the institution over which he presides with such conspicuous courtesy.

JANUARY 9.—At last the doors of the Hof Theater are open again. In a few minutes the vast house is crowded from floor to ceiling, and—unusual phenomenon in a German theatre—many of the guests are in gala, that is, evening dress. It is a great night. It matters little to us that the opera is "Tannhäuser." To-night even so rabid a Wagnerian as your humble reporter forgets his principles and confesses with something akin to shame that he has not come for art's sake, but for the artist's. So we listen to the overture with patience; but the noble orchestra has its revenge, and, by its perfectly astounding performance of a work we all thought we knew by heart, very nearly puts the artist out of our mind again. During the first act we become thorough Philistines once more, for Venus is bad—shocking bad—the scenery is shabby, and even Wolfram-Scheidemantel has no power to move us. Then the brilliant *entr'acte* and then—there she is! and we rise at her and cheer, and wave handkerchiefs, and go on doing it, just as if she were any Italian *prima donna*, and the opera "Lucia," and we a company of honest grocers who had come in with orders. You see, for many of us the name of Malten is associated with the loftiest delights of our lives. She has been Elsa for us, and Brünnhilde, and Isolde, and, above all, she has been Kundry. We do not applaud the mere singer, we applaud the great, the almost incomparable artist, who, as a result of a life of hard study, of patience, and utter devotion to her work, has been able to unlock for us the vast treasure-house of the Wagnerian drama. It is no small debt we owe her, and this is the only way we have of showing her our gratitude. The cynic may say it is a silly way, but I am sure Fräulein Malten understands, as she faces that great shout from thousands of throats, that each individual owner of each individual throat means what he shouts; that it is a genuine welcome to a people's heart, and not one of those greetings the operatic *artiste* can purchase at the nearest public-house for a judicious distribution of drinks. And how we recall her at the close of the act, till the man who pulls up the curtain must wish him self dead! And how we bury her under monstrous *bouquets* till she looks like Freia whelmed under the horde of the Nibelungs! And how, at the close of the opera, we refuse to let her go home at all, but have her out again, and again, and again, and then once more! For my part I cannot conceive how a great artist survives a night like this, and it seems to me that the glory is dearly purchased at price of such tearing emotion. Such a triumph is very nearly tragedy.

All the artists felt the influence of the occasion, and rose to unaccustomed heights. Gudehus surpassed himself, or, if you prefer it, came out of his shell, and displayed himself at his very best. Scheidemantel cannot help being great, and Wolfram is one of his loftiest conceptions. As for the orchestra and their conductor Schuch, as I have said, they very nearly made us forget Malten.

JANUARY 10.—The worst of Dresden is that you never have any peace. You have hardly recovered from one emotion before another is thrust upon you. To-day it was the Symphony Concert given by the orchestra of the Court Theatre, under Hagen's conductorship. There were only three numbers in the programme: Symphony No. 2 in D, Beethoven;

"Don Juan," a Tone-poem after Lenau, by Richard Strauss; and Symphony No. 2, in C, Schumann. "Don Juan" was the novelty. Richard Strauss is one of the hopes of musical Young Germany; some of his works have already achieved for him an enviable fame in the Fatherland. The present novelty is, I am sorry to say, not likely to add to it. The poem it illustrates is, to speak the naked truth, but fustian, and poor fustian at that, and the music it has inspired is no better than the poem. The orchestra employed is enormous, is ultra-Wagnerian in its dimensions, the skill and science of the composer is not to be denied, and every now and again there are snatches of melody which prove that the young man has ideas and a soul. In spite of this the work as a whole is full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. We shall, I have no doubt, have to reckon by and by with Richard Strauss, but he will be the first, when years have brought discretion, to leave "Don Juan" out of the bill. As to the orchestra, it is an ever-varying marvel. Even under the somewhat cold and "classical" conductorship of Hagen it gives a performance of Beethoven's symphony which it is a high privilege to hear, and an abiding pleasure to remember.

And now the Empress Augusta died, and once more the great places of entertainment were closed. But in Germany even public mourning has to give place to the public craving for artistic nutriment, and only the sub-ventured theatres are shut. So, on

JANUARY 11 I made an excursion into the realms of operetta, and tried "The Adventurer" at the elegant Residenz Theater. But it would not do. Such an orchestra! Such actors! Such a chorus! and, oh, such dreadful, dreadful, music! At the end of the first act I fled to the Gewerbehaus, ordered a raw herring and a pot of Culmbacher, suffered the rough little orchestra to play me the Pastoral Symphony, and was happy. Your raw herring when he is properly spiced is mighty dainty eating, let me tell you, and he has the additional virtue of promoting a thirst of gigantic proportions, which, when you have Culmbacher before you, it is a pleasure to try to quench.

(To be continued.)

A COMPETITIVE PRIZE EXHIBITION.

The bait held out to art students and amateurs by Messrs. Raphael Tuck is no doubt a tempting one. We are in the nineteenth century; and although we are daily assured that money has never been so plentiful as at the present time, there is a difficulty in obtaining it which renders any new source welcome. Can we wonder, then, that a large number of amateurs have jumped eagerly at the hook; can we wonder, either, if many are caught, never to escape? This sounds very desperate, and perhaps we are taking too serious a view of the matter, but if we consider the nature of the exhibition at all it must be looked at in the true light.

The oleograph, or as town travellers delight to call it, the "facsimile oil," has become during the past few years a favourite method of reproducing pictures. It is cheap, and a large number of colours can be put together into one print. So far so good. It is well that a love for pictures should be encouraged, even among those to whom an original work with its attendant price, is an unobtainable prize. It is better that a man should be roused to sympathy by an indifferent picture, than that he should be left to enjoy a purely selfish or apathetic state of being. But what are we to say to those teachers or publishers who encourage art students to copy an oleograph? Few genuine instructors in art would advise their pupils to copy a picture; that process of instruction is dying out, since it has been found to foster a desire and an aptitude for imitation pure and simple. It has been the cause of a vast flood of imitations of the great masters, and of schools of every painter from Wilkie to Frith. Artists and art critics have wearied of second and third hand reproductions of the style of thought and manner of treatment which were natural to this or that master. They are at length agreed that truth is the goal of all who paint, write, or compose; thought has shown them that the way to attain truth, is to accept all that can be taught by the works of our predecessors, and to advance upon the knowledge which they impart to us. Yet we find two Royal Academicians, an Associate, and another well-known painter lending serious countenance to the exhibition promoted by Messrs. Raphael Tuck. The conditions of the exhibition are these:—Art students or amateurs desirous of winning a money prize, a diploma, or a place of honour on the walls of a picture gallery, have been invited to attain these several distinctions by copying one or another of the oleographs

and prints published by the firm in question. The result is, of course, that the most successful works present the best imitations of the colours, the texture, and conventionality which we are wont to associate with cheap reproductions. Alas, for a "touch of nature!" We cannot find one. What merit there may have been in an original picture has been lessened by the process of "machining," and now we are called upon to admire the result of a careful copy of the machined production. Nature is shown to us at third hand, through the medium of a painter, a machine, and an art-student. The exhibitors are wrong, their work has been a waste of time. They are, however, well meaning; and show their devotion in some wonderfully careful, nay, terribly earnest manipulation. But it is all *technique*, a *technique* debased in being made the aim rather than the means. This sounds like paradox—it is as paradoxical as to say that an impostor debases himself by his imposture. Altogether, we have a wearying subject, and it would be best to leave it alone, were it not another example of the furious worship which is devoted to *technique* and to mannerism, a worship which originality and beauty ask for in vain. If we meddle at all with art we must do so in earnest. Art students feel this too and strive hard to carry their theory into effect. As a class they are earnest in the extreme. But if this earnestness is to be misdirected, what will be the result? Such exhibitions, supported by a Sir John Millais, will worthily assist South Kensington in crushing all originality and all feeling except one of reverence for clever imitation. Has Ruskin lived in vain?

W. P.

NOTES FROM ITALY.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

MILAN, FEB. 2.

"Die Meistersinger" has maintained its position after all, in spite of hostile criticism from the Anti-Wagnerian faction. It has been performed twice during the past week, alternating with "Simon Boccanegra." I went to the last performance and was glad to see how the singers seem to have worked themselves into their parts, the acting is so much more animated and sure than it was at the beginning of the season. The audience, too, perhaps from growing familiarity with Wagner, seemed to appreciate the opera thoroughly; the vast theatre, it is true, was not nearly full, but applause was warm and frequent. It is an odd taste to follow Wagner by a ballet, but such is the case here. What surprised me most was that so many people went away after the opera without waiting for the ballet! "Devadacy" is not very interesting—it is the conventional ballet with a weak thread of plot (spun on a harem and a sort of high-priest and another personage, a tyrant, I think, but nobody seems to know exactly what it is all about), trivial music, splendid costumes, and splendid dancing.

At the Dal Verme Theatre, "Forza del destin," "Marie de Rohan," and "Guarany" are performed alternately, also followed by a ballet, "Sieba."

On the play-bill of the Manzoni Theatre, announced for this evening, I recognised an old friend in Italian dress, "I nostri Bimbi," by H. Byron. "Our Boys" are favourites here.

Music in the form of opera, with spectacular display and dramatic interest, very naturally appeals more to Italian sympathies than music in the form of concerts. Still, we have had some good concerts here this winter (seven, all told, since November last). To-day we had an opportunity of hearing that somewhat *rara avis*, an Italian pianist, Signor Mascardi, who completed his studies at the Conservatoire here, obtaining the first prize both for pianoforte and composition. He acquitted himself bravely, and showed himself worthy of his master, Andreoli (the famous Chopin interpreter). His touch is brilliant and exact, and his interpretation full of artistic feeling. He played Chopin's study in A minor and the Ballade in F minor, besides other pieces by the same composer, a "Toccata" by Rinaldi, a Gavotte by Rameau, and Schumann's "Traumenswilen." An interesting novelty was an "Ave Maria" composed by Bellissimo, founded on Clementi's well-known (alas! how well-known?) study in F sharp minor (*Gradius*), arranged for voice, harp, and string quartet.

It is rumoured that Ricordi is in negotiation with the composer of a new opera, "Broceliande," with a view to the production of the work in Italy. The overture of the opera (which is by a Frenchman, Lucien Lambert) has been performed with great success at Monte Carlo.

Gomez is writing a new opera, which is to consist of a prologue and two acts, with the title "Wanda."

Verdi's "Otello" is having an enormous success at Odessa, with the tenor Giannini, the baritone Pignatola, and La Damerini as Desdemona.

The Poet's World.

SUNSET.

I.

All hath an ending.
The sun is descending
his sorrow to free;—
to cool with caresses
his burning tresses,
under the sea.

II.

Poor is our dower.
Thou glorious Power,
Giver of light;
We carry our sorrow
on till to-morrow
into to-night!

ST. CLAIR BADDELEY.

TO DEATH.

O Death, sweet Death! pale, patient, peace-giver!
In thy soft arms the way-worn wanderer rests,
And sorrow silently steals from the soul.

With touch more gentle than love's lingering kiss
Thou strok'st the wrinkles from the weary brow,
And drawest misty curtains o'er dazed eyes.

The whirling waves that war upon the heart,
Droop, drop, dissolve, in listless ecstasy,
Lapped into languor by thy wistful smile.

Before thy pitiful and pondering eyes
The pallid sufferer's drawn lips are loosed
And every sense sinks into solemn slumber.

I fear thee not, O fair, faint-featured form!
But watch thee drawing nearer day by day—
I stay thy coming!—Kiss me, O sweet mother!

G. W. L. MARSHALL-HALL.

XENIEN.

XXIII.

"IT."

I can hold every mortal in awe,
Not a moment is any one free
From my tyranny checked by no law;
Let none think my dominion to flee.
Under me must e'en royalty bend,
Europe quails at the sound of my name.
No cunning my fate can fend.
Zalous victor, from Russia I came.
A esculapius alone calls me friend.

LOUISE REUBEN SASSOON.

XXIV.

GENIUS.

When first to earth the gods poor genius thrust,
They moulded him half mortal, half divine:
His eyes of aether, but his lips of dust.

M.-H.

XXV.

TO THE RASH CRITIC.

When on a work your judgment you would pass,
Beware that judgment prove you not an ass!

M.-H.

The Organ World.

POPULAR MUSIC IN CHURCHES.

BY THE REV. S. BARNETT, M.A.

Churches are for religious exercises, quiet places set apart in which man may commune with God. And as abstraction of thought is for the common man a hard matter, it is wisely agreed that in churches there shall be no associations to distract the mind from the contemplation of the highest, nothing which shall suggest the quarrels and vanities of life, no memories of debates, bargains, or frivolities.

Churches are rightly kept sacred, and proposals to use them for purposes of business or pleasure are rightly opposed by those who feel the need of a place in which they may be helped to possess their souls.

Whether musical performances are consistent with this object is a question which waits for an answer.

As a contribution to the answer it may be urged that the great musical compositions are the result of inspiration. The master raised by his genius above the level of common humanity, to think fully what others think only in part, puts into music the thoughts which no words can utter and the description which no tongue can tell. What he himself would be, his hopes, his fears, his aspirations, what he himself sees of that holiest and fairest which has haunted his life, this he tells by his art. Common men find in his music the echo of their own wants, for great men are only little men writ large, and the voice in which the great man tells his hopes is the voice of human nature. Common men listen to the music which expresses wants and hopes for which none of their works are adequate, which it has not entered their heads to conceive, and they feel that they themselves have power. Music is thus often what prayer fails to be, a means of linking men with the source of the highest thoughts and of enabling them to enjoy God.

Further, it may be said that music is the parable of modern times. The best expression of the good and true has always been by parables—by means, that is, which are not limited to time and place. Poetry has thus often been the best expression of truth. A great picture has thus been able to teach successive ages, helping, perhaps, mediæval saints to worship the Virgin Mother, and modern men to realise the glory of womanhood. All art is indeed a parable, but music has in these days a special claim to distinction. It reveals that which the artist has known or felt, and it reveals it with no distracting circumstance of subject. Listeners are not drawn aside to think of some uncertain historic or some doubtful romantic incident; they, without money and without price—without even knowledge of facts or technicalities, may drink of the truth which is the water of life. Music is the parable suiting a democratic age, but, like all parables, is unmeaning, sensuous, and foolish to those who will not think. It condemns the fools who will not understand to greater folly, but it tells the thoughtful and earnest student of that which is worthy of worship, and it tells each true listener just what he, by nature and circumstance, is able to understand. At the same time it gives that feeling of common life and of dependence on the same source of strength which is the strength of union.

By music these lessons are given about the deep truths which lie behind life; the lessons are free to all and may be understood by all. Music is not for our amusement but for our learning, the revealer of things hidden from the wise of the world and the link by which people of all ages and countries and classes may feel themselves to be bound together.

If this be a true account of music, its right for a place in the churches is obvious. The various rituals exist to help worshippers to express themselves, and sermons are preached that the listeners may know more of the God which is not far from any one of them.

The mass of mankind are deaf and dumb, dumb to say what is in themselves, deaf to hear the language of modern thought. It is not fancy that the deaf and dumb were so often said to be possessed by devils, and some of the devil's deeds of to-day, the gambling and the impurity, are done because men cannot say what they want or hear what they ought. The rituals and sermons of the Church confessedly do not meet all needs, and music might be welcomed as an additional service.

Music given in churches should of course be free from vulgar advertising accessories. The names of the performers might be omitted on the notices, quiet times for meditation or devotion might be allowed at intervals, silence should be strictly enforced, and all applause prevented.

Under these conditions organ recitals—concerted music—orchestral performances might form a part of the use in every church.

Conceive the benefit in, for instance, one of the crowded poor districts. The church in each district is probably the only place in which people can meet with any comfort, the only building which is lofty enough to be healthy, and which is fitted with seats suitable for grown persons. The school room, with its low ceiling and its suggestions of discomfort, has paralysed many brave efforts of teachers and entertainers. The church is often the only building known to thousands of neighbours as a public building, and this building is now generally closed or, if opened, is occupied by tens instead of hundreds. Conceive this building, well warmed and lighted, with open doors to welcome all comers, set apart for one or two evenings every week for the performance of the best music. Men and women weary by care, and too tired to read or study, would gladly turn in to rest awhile in the brightness and warmth. Gradually under the spell of the music petty irritations would lose their power, new thoughts and hopes would take shape, and the people would learn to dream.

The calm of his past may be gone for ever; never again may it be possible to get the simple faith and hope of his fathers, whose life was spent where the river of time flowed through its narrow gorges; but who shall say that a deeper calm may not be for those to whom, amid the noise and smoke of the day's work, come murmurs and scent from the infinite sea? The people of our day, dazzled by the revelations of science, and hurried to get rich, have forgotten how to dream, and it may be the mission of music to give them the power to move in the larger world where thought and feelings are too big for words, for time or space. Picture a church filled with faces on which care, and anxiety, and poverty have drawn deep lines; picture those faces softened and calmed as the weary eyes seem to see the good which is afar off, and say if rituals and sermons could do more than music to help men to commune with God.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

The announcement of this society that a paper would be read on Monday last on "Richard Wagner," by the Rev. Henry Cart, attracted a large gathering, some of whom may have indulged in the hope of a new light being thrown on the works or artistic procedures of the great master. Mr. Cart however speedily dispelled such hopes in his candid and almost too apologetic preface, in which he admitted that he trusted to gain more from a discussion between some of the eminent musicians present than he could hope to afford by his hastily written paper. Passing over Mr. Cart's account of Wagner's early days, which are too well known to need relating, the lecturer proceeded to consider Wagner's art-theories, which he justly showed were adapted from Schopenhauer's principles of aesthetics. Wagner's great literary activity, resulting finally in the production of nine closely printed volumes on various art subjects, and his claim to be considered a poet, were then reviewed. Concerning the master's future position in musical history, Mr. Cart placed him second only to Beethoven, in which estimation most will probably agree. Mr. Cart, however, was surely wrong in saying Wagner was the first true disciple of the Romantic school of music of which Berlioz was the founder; the honour of this is distinctly due to Weber, and Berlioz was as true a disciple of the school as Wagner, only the latter carried its picturesque and poetic principles to greater length. Of the influence of Wagner's principles of composition on modern composers there was little need to dwell, but exception may be taken to Mr. Cart's implication that the present popularity of Wagner's music is greatly owing to fashion.

In the discussion which followed, Mr. Southgate said he was glad to hear Mr. Cart place Beethoven before Wagner, because while the former had produced great works in every branch of musical composition, and thereby shown the universality of his genius, the latter had only produced works in operatic form, and could therefore only be regarded as a *genre* composer. Referring to the unpopularity of the "Ring des Nibelungen," he thought it greatly proceeded from our want of sympathy with the northern legends, which, moreover, possessed little human interest. With the Germans, however, they were as familiar, and held the same place in popular esteem as our Arthurian legends, and thus Wagner's masterly settings came to be regarded as a national work, and met with proportionate enthusiasm. Mr. F. Gilbert Webb remarked that the popularity in England of Wagner's music and operas, with the exception of the "Ring," was an undoubted fact not only with musical people, but

with those who had little or no knowledge of music; why this was so, it was difficult to say. The music was not easy, nor always melodious in the ordinary acceptance of the term, nor could it be called easy to follow, or of a popular character; it was, however, thoroughly artistic in the highest sense, as being true to the instincts of the situations it illustrated, and more fully expressive of the workings of the emotions than the music of any other composer, and in this last quality probably lay the power it exerted over the minds of all classes. Mr. C. E. Stephens thought one of the reasons which had retarded the acceptance of the "Nibelungen" in this country was the excessive demand the music made on vocal executants. Mr. Herbert, who avowed himself prejudiced from early associations, failed to see in Wagner the great musician who had eclipsed all others. He could not disassociate a man's life from his works, and in Richard Wagner both presented much that was to him eminently unsatisfactory. The meeting concluded with a few apposite remarks from Mr. Adams, who occupied the chair, and a cordial vote of thanks to Mr. Cart.

G. W.

MUSIC IN SCANDINAVIA.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

COPENHAGEN, JAN. 29.

There was, as usual, a distinct lull in musical doings about New Year, at least as far as concerts go. The Theatre Royal here inaugurated the New Year with Offenbach's "Hoffmann's Fairy Tales," which is a very fair success. Twenty years ago no one would have dreamt of this exclusive institution ever opening its portals for the merry composer of "La Belle Hélène." Wagner's "Die Walküre" will before long be added to the programme; and "Fidelio" will be given with a new cast.

Fröken Gina Oselio brought her engagement at the Royal Opera, Stockholm, to a close about a month ago, and seems to have entirely fascinated the inhabitants of the gay but otherwise fairly critical Swedish capital. They mention her in the same breath as Nilsson and Lucca, and she is undoubtedly a brilliant singer. She has not only a great voice, but perfect training and true artistic feeling, and she seems to be equally at home on the stage and in the concert hall. Last week she gave a concert here, at which she acquitted herself admirably in the "Jewel Song" (Faust), a couple of Carmen's most telling songs, and Margareta's great song from "Mefistofele." In addition to these she sang Grieg's "Min Kjarlighed" and Kjerulf's lovely little "Synnove's Song" to perfection, as well as a new Swedish song by Mme. Andrée (dedicated to Fröken Oselio), so it will be seen that her programme was a very comprehensive one. She was ably assisted by Mr. Wolfgang Hansen, a young pianist who got creditably through a somewhat trying programme.

At a concert for chamber music the other evening, given by members of the orchestra of the Theatre Royal, Copenhagen, a very pretty quintett by Otto Malling (op. 40), for piano and stringed instruments, was played for the first time. It was rendered in capital style, and met with the best possible reception, which it amply deserved. It is tuneful, and in very good style throughout; full of originality, and kept within the proper compass; the first two movements were perhaps of a little higher rank than the rest, although the third movement, a serenade, seemed to take the best, and had to be played over again. At the same concert Haydn's "Echo" was played—very amusing to begin with, but a little too much of a good thing before the five movements have been got through.

Fröken Frida Schytte, the young Danish violinist, has returned to Paris and rejoined the Conservatoire, so that she can qualify for competition for the *Grand Prix* in July. Besides her two appearances at Copenhagen the young lady has played at three concerts in Stockholm, in all cases eliciting the unanimous verdict that she is not only a charming and accomplished violinist now, but gives unusual—quite unusual—promise for the future. For once the Copenhagen folks have, at the first time of asking, and without murmuring, accepted one of their own people as something out of the common.

Nikita has been concerting in Finland, and, it seems, fairly captivated the good people of Helsingfors; she is assisted by Mr. Arthur Friedheim, the pianist. Baldwin Dahl, the popular Danish conductor, is at present giving concerts in Hamburg, and during his absence Professor Emil Hartmann conducts his Sunday afternoon concerts. Mr. Neruda, the cellist, is still in Sweden, where he has appeared several times with much success, and Mr. Arthur Svendsen, the excellent Danish violinist, goes shortly to St. Petersburg to assist at some concerts there.

The Dramatic World.

"DR. BILL."

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, 5TH FEBRUARY, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDMOUSE,—

You remember the truth uttered by our great poet of the later days :

"So careful of the type?" but no.
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries "A thousand types are gone;
I care for nothing, all shall go!"

I do not suppose that Tennyson was thinking of farcical comedies when he wrote this—indeed, their very name was not invented till perhaps a generation after—but it is as true of them as of greater and of meaner things.

To the thoughtless, the superficial, it might seem odd to quote "In Memoriam" *à propos* of "Dr. Bill"; but you, my dear Mr. Fieldmouse, who look deep down into the roots of things, will see at once how the criticism of a survival like this stirs memories—"thoughts that do sometimes lie too deep for" laughter, at all events—in the mind of him who verges upon middle-age.

Comic plays, in England and elsewhere, have followed and not resembled each other. Half a century ago, the one characteristic of the English school was roughness. The masterpieces of Labiche were turned into "knockabout" farces, and—even more by the acting than the adaptation—were hopelessly vulgarised; while the original plays of Buckstone and others—"Married Life" is one of the least forgotten of them—were curiously clumsy and mechanical affairs, lacking altogether the subtlety and humanity so remarkable in Labiche.

The work that followed this was better, but even more difficult to remember—as a series of undistinguishable Georges followed those bad but picturesque Stuarts, so came and so was forgotten the highly respectable comic work of Tom Taylor and other laborious wits, who went for inspiration to Scribe and the Germans. Soon after them, H. J. Byron held the stage with his strings of conundrums—at least home-made, and very, very proper; and then—after a brief brilliant interval of Mr. Gilbert—there came and stayed, for a long while, the Comedy of Doors, from the French.

Very roughly speaking, this school may be said to have lasted—and to have been unquestioned monarch of all it surveyed—for some twenty years, say from 1865 to 1885, be the same little more or less. Then, in England, a native growth of more originality and quaintness, if less ingenious and deft, replaced the School of Doors; while in France it was succeeded by—something which I will not describe.

But in "Dr. Bill" we have an absolutely typical example of the farce of yesterday. It is very short, very bustling, probably very ingenious, certainly very suggestive. It has the three scenes—the third the same as the first, the second full of doors—and the two married couples, with their supplementary pair of lovers and pair of parents. One may note, as some approach to a distinguishing feature, that the two husbands are entirely guiltless: and more, that the one guilty person is punished—apparently—but this is not made very clear.

I have said that the play is "probably ingenious." The fact is, that its own success stands in the way of our appreciation. At the end of the second act, and thereabouts, the people laugh so con-

sumedly that we cannot hear what is passing on the stage; and thus, though I was fairly clear why A and B were put into the bedroom, I was a little doubtful about C and the bathroom, and as much in the dark about D and the same apartment as D herself when she got there. This worried me, and I ceased to laugh; but those round me laughed on, so I presume that their ears or their apprehensions were sharper than mine.

Your critic nowadays seems to be chiefly concerned about prognosticating the length of the run of a new play—his functions are too often confounded with those of the sporting prophet, and his column of newspaper is but a lengthened answer to the question (suggestive somehow of Lord Marcus Beresford), "Is it a go?"

I think nobly of criticism, and in nowise incline to this opinion; moreover, I am—I thank the gods—no critic. But if I were I would not tell you how many scores or hundreds of performances there should be of "Dr. Bill." I would but say, "These merits the little play has; these faults, too, to my thinking."

Firstly, then, it is merry; the people laugh; a great virtue in a farce, and none too common. Then, it starts from a quaint and not unnatural idea—though with a curiously inverted moral, setting forth the praise of idleness. Again, it is compact, complete, coherent; there are no superfluities in the story, and there are reasons for all the events—could we but hear them. By the way, though, the medical doings early in the play would probably seem more reasonable to a French than to an English practitioner—there are doings in Act I at which Harley-street would hold up its hands in horror.

But, in these later days, and chiefly through the doings of one Pinero, we have come to look for a certain reality even in our farces: a touch here and there, at least, which shows that our stage-people are not mere stage-puppets. In the splendid work of Labiche there was always something of this vitality; and in modern French farce, at worst, a vigorous animalism makes itself felt. This the virtuous Briton removes, and in truth we cannot blame him; only in removing it he destroys, too often, the little life that was in his play and its personages. For to any and every work of art reality gives "atmosphere," depth, even the sense of poetry which always goes with life—which is not wholly absent even from Teniers' boors drinking in a pothouse.

But this, if it were present in any degree in the "Docteur Jou-Jou" of M. Carré, has been carefully and completely removed by Mr. Hamilton Aïdé from "Dr. Bill:" who, it must be said, has been hardly so successful in removing all traces of the original indelicacy.

Still, there is no great harm about the work, and plenty of merriment; and it is excellently played, by a company newly brought together for Mr. George Alexander's first venture in management, at the Avenue Theatre. Mr. Fred Terry again shows the enormous stride he has made in his profession during the last year or so. There is certainly no young actor now among us with more breadth of style than Mr. Terry: most of our comedians who have still youth lack it altogether. And, besides this great quality, he has appearance, voice, and charm; and what would you more?

For the old busybody who gives its first impetus to the tragic-comedy of "Dr. Bill," a greater weight, sincerity, rotundity perhaps, are needful than Mr. Chevalier, clever as he is, can give him—yet. One cannot but desire a personage of the momentum of the late W. J. Hill in the part; but where, alas, has he left a successor?

Mr. Capel, on the other hand, is quite in earnest; and Mr. Webster—oddly fated to play a "Mr. Webster"—is discreet in his

inaneities as a "masher," probably intended by its author for more pronounced buffoonery.

For the ladies—all good—Miss Carlotta Leclercq is safe and sound in a small part: Miss Marie Linden wasted in a smaller: Miss Laura Graves pretty and pleasant: and Miss Elizabeth Robins, an actress plainly meant for higher work, is earnest and agreeable in what she has to do.

Miss Fanny Brough may be called the actor's triumph. For many years "the profession"—as it seems to call itself—has preached "Fanny Brough" in season and out of season. But managers did not listen much; critics—always the last to discover a new thing which is also true!—listened hardly at all; and even the public at first paid no great heed. But gradually, by sheer talent, she has made her way; and "Dr. Bill" ought to place her at the very top of the tree—whence she should nevermore descend.

My dear Mr. Fieldmouse, go and see her! You have the full permission of your conscientious "taster"

MUS IN URBE.

MR. J. L. TOOLE.

Si monumentum queris, circumspice. Of no one more truly than of our famous comedian may this be said, for his portrait is on every wall, on every hoarding, and his name in every mouth. His is a singularly personal popularity and singularly wide-spread. Little Scotch towns and remote Cornish boroughs know him as well as London. Through all the country his yearly visit is reckoned on surely as a yearly merry-making.

But to be biographical. John Lawrence Toole was born—yet this is surely an impertinent method of paying a tribute to a great man. Just because he is great, must he desire to have it published to the large proportion of the population of the globe which subscribes to the "MUSICAL WORLD" at what date we may expect to see a widening in the parting of those wavy locks, erstwhile so black? Indeed, no. "Years," to quote Mr. Gilbert, "are an arbitrary impertinence," and who would wish to be impertinent to J. L. Toole?

"Some thirty years ago," then—for the time-honoured formula happens to be just right in this case—Mr. Toole, after the usual period of probation in the provinces, and an engagement at the St. James's, came to the Adelphi Theatre as the successor of the famous Wright, whose long partnership with Paul Bedford is yet remembered. It was a proud position in those days, and Toole was not long in showing that he could fill it worthily. He was for years "first low comedian" at the Adelphi, and even then the most popular comic actor in London, for Buckstone was past his prime, and the great Robson in his last days.

Not long after his London reputation was made Mr. Toole became—as he has ever since remained—a great traveller in the provinces, frequently making extended tours, and always (he will pardon our mentioning the undoubted fact) making much money by them. After one of the earlier of these he established himself at the Queen's Theatre, in Long-acre, then just opened by Mr. Labouchere. Here he played in many dramas, comedies, farces, burlesques—notably in "Dearer than Life," in which fortunate play there acted, originally at one and the same time, J. L. Toole, Henry Irving, Charles Wyndham, Lionel Brough, John Clayton, and Henrietta Hodson; while Ellen Terry was, if I mistake not, then a member of the company. But no one was in the least astonished—then.

After the Queen's, the Gaiety—where Miss Farren and Mr. Toole were the lives and souls of many a burlesque; and then, as is the fate of all our actors nowadays, the comedian became a manager. Toole's Theatre—formerly the Folly, and more formerly the Charing Cross—has seen the birth of the Don, the Butler, and a dozen of its manager's most popular characters; it has made a speciality of good-natured burlesques of popular plays—"Claudian," "Fedora," "Theodora"; it has known much mirth, some pleasant, homely pathos, and never a moment's vulgarity. Mr. Toole is our best, perhaps our only true farce-actor now. His style is broad, simple, and genial; his quiet humour is no less natural and genuine than his broad fun; he is a thorough actor; and Australia will welcome him not less heartily than the old country bids him "Godspeed!"

THE DRAMATISTS.

XXII.—"NAKAMITSU."

It must be explained that "Nakamitsu" is the name of a drama, not the name of a dramatist. The only Japanese plays whose authors are known are such mere sketches that a somewhat longer piece has been chosen as a specimen of the dramas of Yeddo—though indeed the most dilatory acting could hardly by any possibility make the two parts of "Nakamitsu" fill up an hour.

The earlier plays, which were hardly more than fanciful and poetic introductions to a somewhat elaborate dance, seldom contained more than two characters besides the clowns; they must indeed have been very like those earliest Greek ballet-plays performed by Theopis and his troupe. But "Nakamitsu" is of later date, and has five actors besides the chorus; moreover, it is divided into two parts, and has a distinct though a very simple plot. The period of its action is early in the tenth century.

Nakamitsu, a retainer of the Lord Mitsunaka—a historical character, master of the horse to the Emperor Murakami—has been sent to bring home his master's son, Bijiyau, from the monastery where, with Nakamitsu's own son Kauzhiyu, he is being educated. Bijiyau is lazy and dissipated, and as soon as Nakamitsu has brought him home his father examines him, and finds that he has made no progress whatever in his studies.

Mitsunaka, in his indignation, is about to kill the boy. Nakamitsu respectfully remonstrates, but only with the result that his master bids him slay the lad himself. He is horror-stricken, and cannot make up his mind to obey, though the young lord patiently bids him strike.

"Ah, my young master," cries the faithful retainer. "Were I but of like age with you, how gladly would I redeem your life with my own!"

And on this hint Kauzhiyu, Nakamitsu's own son, speaks. He offers his own life for his master's; he bids his father strike off his head, and show it to their lord as Bijiyau's. "It is a rule," he says, "that a warrior must lay down his life for his lord."

The two boys plead, each that he may die rather than the other: the chorus commenting, after the high Grecian fashion, on the nobility of their conduct. But Nakamitsu soon resolves, and lifting his sabre, "turns his child into a dream."

He goes to tell that he has killed Bijiyau. Mitsunaka receives the news unmoved, and declares his intention of adopting Kauzhiyu as his heir. The unhappy father is obliged to say that Kauzhiyu, in despair at the young lord's death, has "cut off his locks," and vanished none knows whither. (The Buddhist tonsure was a sign that he who bore it had withdrawn from secular life.) Nakamitsu begs that he too may join a monastery; but it afterwards appears that this request was not granted. The First Part of the play is ended by the chorus, who bid us behold Nakamitsu as he performs the funeral rites over his own son.

Some time has elapsed when Part the Second begins. Weshiu, abbot of a great monastery on Mount Hiyei, where Bijiyau had taken refuge, brings the boy to his father's palace. Here Nakamitsu receives him, and announces the arrival of the priest to Mitsunaka.

Weshiu wastes no time in preliminary talk, but straightway tells the lord how Nakamitsu slew his own son to save his young master's life, and how he, the abbot, has now brought Bijiyau home to sue for his father's pardon.

"Then he was a coward, as I thought!" says Mitsunaka. "Wherefore, if Kauzhiyu was sacrificed, did not he too slay himself?"

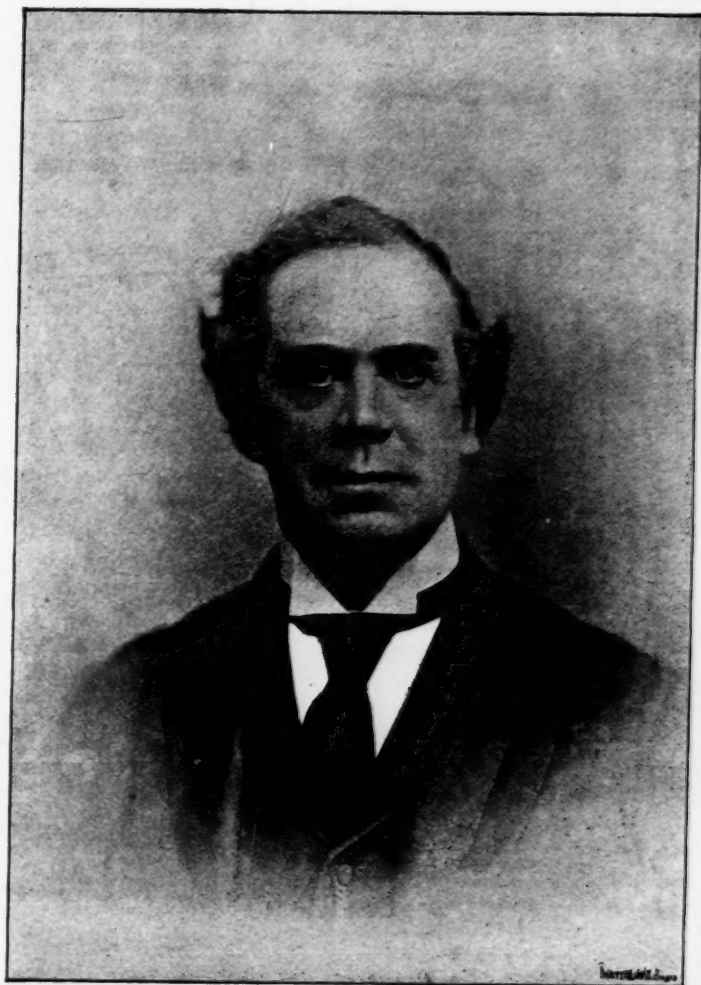
A question which the abbot evades; but the Chorus tell us that his pleadings—presumably in dumb-show—melt the stern father's heart, and that he forgives Bijiyau.

Then comes the last, and the most touching, scene of the little play: a scene in which a fine actor and pantomimist might make a great effect. Nakamitsu, who is serving his lord and the abbot with wine, is asked to dance and sing to them, in honour of the reconciliation: and he does so, while his heart is breaking for the loss of his son.

Water-bird, left all alone
Now thy little mate hath flown,
On the billows, to and fro,
Flutter, flutter, full of woe!

Thus he sings, dancing the while: and the Chorus echoes "Full of woe!" Then he cries—

Ah! if my darling were but here to-day
I'd make the two together dance and play
While I beat time, and, gazing on my boy,
Instead of tears of grief, shed tears of joy!



MR. J. L. TOOLE.

From a photograph by HILLS and SAUNDERS, Oxford.



So he dances, weeping; and the Chorus describes how the Abbot rises from the feast, with Bijiyau, and sets forth in his palanquin on the journey homewards: how Nakamitsu gives the young lord a few words of advice: and how, heartbroken, he watches them depart, thinking of his boy whom he shall never see again.

IBSEN AND BJÖRNSON.

(FROM OUR COPENHAGEN CORRESPONDENT.)

COPENHAGEN, JAN. 29.

Mr. Walter Besant's solution of "The Doll's House" problem has, naturally, attracted some attention on this side of the water, and has also appeared in translation in one or two papers. One could not, of course, expect of any writer that he should be able to quite fall into the characteristic language of the famous Norseman, and it may be that the tragic fate which, through the instrumentality of Mr. Besant, befalls all the members of the Helmer family is a natural enough sequel to the final event of the real "Doll's House;" but, somehow, Mr. Walter Besant's continuation seems to lack something. His characters hardly appear to be true descendants of the original ones, and although a good many men might take to drink, should their wives desert them, it is somewhat difficult to believe that a man of Helmer's cast should so entirely abandon himself, and so completely forget his, however transitory, visions. But Mr. Besant is by no means the only writer who has tried his hand at a sequel to "The Doll's House." The following, which was acted here at some private theatricals a few years ago, rather commends itself to a less serious and pessimistic mind. When the curtain rises the door is just closing upon Nora, Helmer being alone on the stage. Some little time passes. Helmer, of course, still overcome by the blow, when the door opens and Nora comes back. Neither speaks. She goes to the table and looks eagerly for something. At last Helmer asks what she is looking for. "The rest of those sweets you gave me yesterday," answers Nora. "Don't you remember, you ate them all," says her husband, "but,"—almost breaking down—"I—I have got some lovely chocolates for . . . for you in my pocket." This is more than Nora can stand; she forgets all her scruples about "the strange man," and, while the curtain drops; returns to the arms, and the sweets, of her lawful lord and master.

The sudden rage for Ibsen in England is a movement of much interest to us Scandinavians, who have known and admired him and his works for upwards of a generation. Late is of course better, much better, than never, and once having discovered him, the British public evidently means to make up for lost time; but still there seems to me to be a moral in all this: that Englishmen might with advantage keep themselves a little more *au courant* with the literature, the stage, and last not least, the music of certain portions of that world which is not England. Ibsen has often been a hard enough nut to crack for those who read his books as they appear, by instalments as it were, in their original language and with the best natural conditions for easier and more spontaneous understanding—and to think of having almost his whole production flashed upon one within a few weeks or months, and transplanted into a "foreign" tongue to boot! In the meantime Ibsen is living quietly at Munich, in his somewhat aristocratic seclusion and reserve, forming a strange contrast to his celebrated countryman Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. The latter is never happy unless agitating for something, always foremost in the fray, but not always choosing the cause for which he battles, or the weapons with which he fights, as those would like who prefer the Bjørnson of a few, a good few, years ago, the writer of charming novels and plays, to the Bjørnson of to-day, the reckless orator and the voluble scribe. Bjørnson for the masses, Ibsen for the classes. Perhaps the former has been a little spoilt, being always surrounded by admiring countrymen—for although Norway has produced many distinguished men she cannot manage to keep them at home. Grieg is nearly always away, Ibsen lives at Munich, Lie in Paris, Otto Sinding in Berlin, Stephan Sinding, his brother, at Copenhagen, &c., so Bjørnson has almost had the whole walk to himself. Another Norwegian writer, Mr. Gunnar Heiberg, has just made a decided hit with a new play of his, "King Midas," at the Theatre Royal here, in which Mme. Hennings has added another brilliant success to her many previous triumphs. The play has been refused at the Christiania Theatre, one of its characters bearing an unmistakable and not altogether flattering likeness to Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Mr. Mark Melford's "Kleptomania" was played, to the readers of "Rare Bits," at the Novelty Theatre last week. We mentioned the fact, but held ourselves absolved from criticism of the play, as it had already been performed in London more than once—in the afternoon. But we stated that Mr. Melford himself was one of the quaintest fellows going; and this statement we shall be pleased to prove. "Subjoined please find sample" of his quaintnesses:—

Actors who have acted at Halifax, and other people who have visited that grimy little Yorkshire town on business—people don't go there on pleasure—are sure to know the narrow, crooked, uphill, out of the way street in which the post office is situated. Once upon a time Mr. Mark Melford, acting in Halifax, found himself in need of stamps; and, after half an hour of direction and redirection (in the broadest Yorkshire), of turning, twisting, and entire loss of patience, he discovered the house of letters. Entering, he asked, "Can I see the postmaster?" "Well," it was replied, "It's Saturday, and he's very busy; do you want him particularly?" Mr. Melford *did*, it appeared; and after a while the official came forward, puffing and perturbed. "Now then, sir, what is it?" he asked. "You just come outside with me for a moment," quoth Melford, "and I'll show you a much better place to hide this post office."

The new farce-comedy at the Avenue is preceded by a pretty little drama-comedy by Mr. F. W. Broughton—the one hundred and thirteenth, if we mistake not, that he has had produced during the last twelvemonth. (We have not actually counted, but this is the most moderate computation.) "Fool's Mate," as it is called, is, to our mind, decidedly better than any of the preceding hundred and twelve. There is just an unpleasant touch in the precocity of the child, "round which" the play is written; but otherwise all is pleasant, fanciful, humorous, and not more slight than so brief a drama should be. Its costumes and old-world diction, moreover, distinguish it agreeably from the common or "Happy Pair" curtain-raiser. The best in it is Mr. Fred Terry, who is nowise nineteenth century—all his family, as we know, have the trick of the old time. Mr. Nutcombe Gould is, as ever, refined and earnest. The others adequate.

"New Lamps for Old" is the excellent title of Mr. Jerome's new comedy at Terry's Theatre, wherein Miss Cissie Grahame and her company—and foremost Mr. Penley—will properly set you down yon presumptions Ibsen. So 'tis said.

A delightful "send off" supper, given by his brother-actors of the Green Room Club, finished the farewell festivities of Mr. Toole, so soon to be on his way to Australia. Mr. Bancroft, the chairman, proposed the toast of the evening in a speech quite faultless in its tact and good feeling; Mr. Toole responded happily, and Mr. Irving—whose birthday it became during the night—made an exceedingly witty speech. Then came capital songs; and even the eating was not bad.

On Saturday last a large audience assembled at the Victoria Hall, Bayswater, to witness the twenty-sixth performance of the West London Dramatic Club. The entertainment commenced with a new one act drama by Mr. Rex Watney, entitled "The Tidal Hour," though why the title we failed to see. An æsthetic-looking young farmer is in love with the daughter of a gamekeeper. Their love-making is interrupted by the entrance of a lachrymose old person, who at once proclaims himself to be a returned convict, and seems rather proud of the distinction. He is entertained on cider and cakes by the lovers, and departs blessing them. There is a wicked squire who is also in love with the gamekeeper's daughter, but who is of course rejected, and, persisting in his suit, receives a thrashing from the young farmer. Whereupon the gamekeeper and his daughter are dismissed his service without the usual month's notice. The returned convict, however, sets things right by exposing the villainy of the squire, who has, it appears, committed enough crimes for a three-act melodrama; and declares the young farmer to be the son of the late squire by a secret marriage, and true heir to the estates. The false squire exits defeated, and the happy pair invite the repentant convict to share their home for the rest of his days. Mr. Rex Watney is a much better actor than dramatist; he played the villain remarkably well,

and his make-up was admirable. The lovers were pleasingly played by Mr. Talbot Smart and Miss Edith Vincent. The play was well received by a very friendly audience.

"The Tidal Hour" was followed by "Noblesse Oblige," a drama in a prologue and three acts, in which Miss Davies Webster as the heroine, although somewhat overweighted by a part which would tax the powers of a professional actress, showed considerable ability and earnestness. Mrs. Edgley, as an old French woman, was fairly satisfactory. High praise must be given to Miss Edith Vincent for her impersonation of the romping school girl, Victoria Grayson, which was really excellent, being natural and free from exaggeration. Mr. Talbot Smart, as Cecil Mainwaring, looked well, and was easy and unaffected in his acting. Mr. Julius Iliewicz played the self-made man, Grayson, and Mr. Ravenscroft a comic servant. Of the rest of the cast, perhaps the less we say the better. The pruning knife might have been applied with advantage to some of the long speeches, and the stage management generally left much to be desired.

BELLS AND BELFRIES.

In the new number of "The English Illustrated Magazine" there is an article on "Bells and Belfries" by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, to the following extracts from which we desire to draw special attention:—

"In my study hangs, beneath a Belgian canopy of the sixteenth century supported by twisted columns profusely carved in the taste of that period, my Belgian bell. Full and shapely, and glowing with silver sheen it weighs six hundredweight, and yields multitudinous tones, recalling at times, when touched tenderly, the whisper of the trees in the night-wind, or when struck loudly the melodious thunder of the ocean. In that bell indeed seem to sleep all wails of pain and all shouts of joy. A vast cauldron of potential sound and each sound a fitting voice for some soul-secret else inexpressible, is that bell. I cannot speak or move but what it will answer me, while so sensitive and complex is its nervous system that not a vibration in the room escapes it. I have but to attend, and any noises, like the shutting of a door, the clapping of hands, a sneeze, a laugh, the inflexions of the voice, the tread of the foot, all are analyzed in the hollow vibrations of the bell, and each is found to be composed of infinite varieties and combination-hums, tones, and over-tones. If I strike a chord on the piano or take my violin, the mysterious bell-life wakes up with spontaneous clamour, and re-echoes exultingly the clear notes in metallic timbre. A very microcosm of sound is this bell,

"Full of the ringing voices,
Full of the tidal pulses,
Songs of the golden sea."

And then people wonder what there is to be said about bells!

Mr. Haweis' remarks on a popular London character will no doubt surprise many:—

"Nothing more exasperating to a bell connoisseur than Big Ben has perhaps ever been hung or left unhung. Did I require any proof of my much-abused dictum in *Music and Morals*, 'the English are not a musical people,' I have only to point to Big Ben. Did I seek confirmation of my statement that the English know nothing about bells, Big Ben and his four discordant quarters, which are actually teaching generation after generation of London school-boys to whistle out of tune, Big Ben is again my justifier. To think that the Lords and Commons should have sat for thirty years under the hoarse, gong-like roar of that brazen fiend and listened to the quarters timing the dreary periods of Parliamentary oratory, without any sense of shame or annoyance, and still dare to call themselves the representatives of a musical people! The thing is absurd! . . . Much is unhappily heard of Big Ben, but nothing much more need be said. He was cracked from his birth. He is a disgrace to the nation. But so ignorant and insensible are the Londoners to these little characteristics that few have ever discovered them, and so absolute is British apathy in all such matters that you could not get a single M.P. to rise in his place and ask for the removal of this hideous Westminster gong. How should it be otherwise when throughout the length and breadth of the land our countrymen, the M.P.'s themselves, delight to go into dinner to the sound of gongs. And we are still told that 'the English are a musical people!' They dine to the roar of one gong, and legislate to the roar of another.

"Before bell music can ever be introduced into England two things have to take place. The people must be more generally musical and more particularly instructed in the true nature of bell music and bell tone. We must

so improve in our musical organization that we shall be glad to hear music constantly in the air, we must so understand bells as to know what to listen for and how to hear. The same accuracy of tune which we require in the voice can no more be got from bells than you can get from the pianoforte the accuracy of tune expected from the violin. A few bells—church quarters for instance—may, and ought to be in fair tune, but a carillon of more than an octave and a half will never realize even the pianoforte standard. The difficulty of tuning bells together increases with the number; what must be aimed at is that each bell should represent an intelligible fundamental note floating upon an ocean of harmonics; the dense atmosphere of confused and mingled sound is like a mist—to transfer the idea from the acoustic to the visual plane. You see lights of all colours, surrounded with dim haloes—the mist marries and interweaves their radiations—but still the dim vaporous globes of emerald, ruby, amethyst, and sapphire flame are sufficiently pronounced, and the charm of the situation is just this mystic and indistinct intermingling of their distinctive properties. It is so with carillon sound, the bell notes float upon a sound-ocean, the sounds intermingle and marry through the combination hums of an infinite variety of radiating harmonics. Yet the fundamental notes of the scale retain their individuality. The audition of bell-sound is an education—as the eye has to be educated for colour, so the ear has to be educated for sound, and specially trained and accustomed to the peculiarities of bell-sound, musically employed in carillon playing. The Belgians have been trained for centuries in this. We have not even begun our training—we never shall begin till we have real carillons of fifty and sixty bells, and real carillonneurs to play them as lovingly and knowingly as our great cathedral organists play our great cathedral organs. The big towers are there—the bells can be got. When will the hour strike? When will the man appear? When shall we have a big London carillon and a great London carillonneur?"

FOREIGN NOTES.

Herr Brahms has re-written his early piano trio in B minor (Op. 8), and the revised version has just been successfully performed, by way of experiment, at Pesth by the Hubay-Popper Quartett party.

A German version of "The Yeomen of the Guard," which has had great success at Kroll's Theatre at Berlin, has just been published by the firm of Bosworth and Co., of Leipzig.

The new edition of Berlioz' "Béatrice and Bénédict" has just been issued by Messrs. Bote and Bock, of Berlin. It has French and German words, and the dialogue of the original work is replaced by recitatives, the words of which are by G. zu Puttlitz, and the music by Herr Felix Mottl, under whose direction the work has already been produced in this form at Carlsruhe; it is shortly about to appear at the Court Theatre of Vienna.

At Berlin Wagner's death will be celebrated by a concert given by the Wagner-Verein, not, however, on the actual day (Feb. 13), but on the 17th. The programme will include the 1st act of "Die Walküre," Wotan's "Abschied u. Feuerzauber," the "Kaiser Marsch," the "Philadelphia Centenary March," and the "Huldigungs Marsch," in its original form for military band.

At Salzburg, Mozart's birth-place, they are talking of building a Mozart-Festspielhaus. We hope the scheme will come to something, as Salzburg is certainly a more interesting spot to choose for the headquarters of a little tour than Bayreuth.

The "Bayreuther Taschenbuch für 1890" contains much interesting matter concerning the various branches of the Wagner Society, and the performances of the master's works during the last year, together with a full record of the various books, pamphlets, and articles relating to the subject. In Germany, from July 1, 1888, to June 30, 1889, there were 967 performances of Wagner's works, an increase of 326 over the previous year. The most striking item, however, is that which gives the number of performances "without cuts;" this includes the "Ring" at Dresden (under Schuch) at Carlsruhe (Mottl), and Munich (Lévi); "Tannhäuser" at Carlsruhe, and the "Meistersinger" at Bremen and Berlin, with a few other performances.

It will be appropriate, and not without interest, to compare with the figures given above, the following statistics of performance of Mozart's operas at the opera house of Vienna:—"Die Entführung aus dem Serail" (Il Seraglio) from 1878 to 1886 (we omit the days) 162 times; "Der Schauspieler" (1786-1890), 39 times; "Le Nozze di Figaro" (1786-1889), 323 times; "Don Giovanni" (1788-1889), 475 times; "La Clemenza di Tito" (1795-1883), 84 times; "Die Zauberflöte" (1801-89), 389 times; "Idomeneo" (1806-83), 19 times.

Viennese papers report the death of Salomon Sulzer, the so-called reformer of the Jewish synagogue music, in his eighty-sixth year. He was born 30th March, 1804, at Vienna, and showed such capacity for music that at the age of seventeen he was already chief-cantor of the synagogue. He soon began the great work of his life, the collecting of all the old traditional Jewish airs and the arrangement of them in a form adapted to modern usage. The result of these labours appeared in a work called "Schir Zion" (Songs of Zion). Sulzer himself composed many hymns, and in order to provide for the proper execution of the music he had arranged, he with great care trained an excellent choir for the synagogue to which he belonged. He was a very good teacher of singing, and for some time a professor of singing at the Conservatoire of Vienna. There died also at Würzburg on January 25, Vincenz Ernst Becker, a very popular composer of those choruses for male voices which play such a large part in the musical life of Germany. The "Musikalisches Wochenblatt" gives his age as seventy-six, but we fancy he was about twenty years less than that.

"THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM."

(FROM OUR EDINBURGH CORRESPONDENT.)

Mr. Hamish MacCunn's latest composition, "The Cameronian's Dream," which, as we previously announced, was produced under very favourable circumstances in Edinburgh last week, and of which we promised to give a brief account in our next issue, is not a great work. On the contrary, it is both small in dimensions and simple in construction. But, like all else that has preceded it from the same pen, it abounds in passages of fresh and graceful melody, and contains many touches of cleverly-conceived dramatic import. Indeed, although slight in structure and restrained in scope and feeling, it is characterised, as a whole, by an obviously high aim and an earnestness of purpose that will, if persevered in and adhered to, when work of a more serious and ambitious type is taken in hand, surely stand the composer in good stead, and eventuate in a success of no mean order.

"The Cameronian's Dream" is well and fully described on its title page as "A Ballad," for baritone, solo, chorus, and orchestra. It consists, in fact, of a number of somewhat prolix passages for the solo voice, descriptive of the action of the story, interspersed with a series of short choruses, of most conspicuous dramatic power, taking up and dealing with the situations; the introduction of connecting orchestral interludes, some of which are of a highly descriptive character, serving to bind the work into a continuous whole. The orchestration of the work is undoubtedly its strongest point. Without the orchestral setting, the "Ballad," as it appears in the piano and voice score is certainly thin and uninviting. But traced with the band accompaniment it wears a wholly different and quite unexpected aspect. Mr. MacCunn is at his best in one or two of the orchestral interludes. The bit of orchestral writing immediately following the chorus describing the battle of Aird Moss and the destruction of the Covenanters, depicting the havoc and desolation which supervene, may be singled out as being a most vivid and impressive example of a tone-painting. In another place the well-known old hymn tune, "Coleshill," is similarly and very effectively made use of.

"The Cameronian's Dream" is too short and slightly constructed a work—it takes but twenty minutes in performance—to call for, even if it would admit of, a detailed analysis. The foregoing general account of its musical scope and aim must therefore serve for present purposes, as indicating its place as a composition. A word or two may be added as regards the book and the story which the music is intended to illustrate and emphasize. The verses which Mr. MacCunn has chosen to constitute his libretto are by one of the less eminent Scottish poets, James Hyslop; and he cannot be altogether commended for his selection. From all points of view the words are poor, and quite unworthy

of the music to which they are joined. Mr. MacCunn, indeed, has shown no little tact and skill in the way in which he has overcome some of the more serious obstacles to successful treatment which not a few lines in the libretto present. The story itself furnishes, however, incidents of a very striking and highly dramatic order: a party of Covenanters, under Richard Cameron, are attacked by an overwhelming body of troopers, led by Bruce of Earlsball. During the combat that ensues a thunderstorm breaks over the scene of the strife, and adds to the terror of the conflict. Cameron and several of his followers are slain, while the remainder take refuge in flight. When all is over, "a chariot of fire" appears gliding "on the arch of the rainbow," and bears away the souls of the fallen Covenanters, who lie on the field where they are ultimately buried.

The work, as a whole, is certainly both pleasing and attractive, and will, no doubt, largely gain the attention of provincial choral societies, for whose performance it is admirably suited.

MUSIC IN AMERICA.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, JAN. 25.

The last few weeks have been active in musical affairs, and as the usual rigours of a New York winter have been unknown here this season, there has been nothing to prevent the assembling of large audiences. Of course, opera in German at the Metropolitan Opera House has been the most important attraction. "Aida" was produced with new scenery and on a scale of grandeur unprecedented. The Nile scene was exceptionally beautiful, the river being visible coursing backward through moonlit fields, with here and there a palm tree, and in the distance a lonely temple with a façade of oriental columns. In this scene Lili Lehmann sang the aria, seated on the top of stone steps leading down to the water and at the back of the stage. The Radamès was Signor Perotti, a vigorous tenor who is in his second season here. The Amneris was Charlotte Hahn, who is only fair in the part; the Amonasro, the famous baritone Reichmann; the King, Herr Beck; and the High Priest, Herr Conrad Behrens. Anton Seidl led the orchestra, and the entire performance was a worthy pendant of the recent production of Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera." It is certain that the German artists and musicians are not slighting such Italian operas as they see fit to produce. The other great recent production is Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," in which Lehmann has made a very great success, and the tenor Vogl only a *succès d'estime*. In fact this famous tenor has scarcely justified here the reputation he brought from Germany. But it is only fair to say that after his arrival here he underwent an operation for the removal of an abscess from his neck, and his friends attribute his comparative ill-success to the effects of this unfortunate illness. The short comic opera by Cornelius, "The Barber of Bagdad," has taken wonderfully, although only the inferior members of the troupe—excepting the basso, Emil Fischer—were in the cast. A comic ballet, "Die Puppenflie," is played on the same evenings with the "Barber." Seidl has had the "grippe," but is well again.

From Mexico there come vague rumours of the great success of Patti and Tamagno. The season opened with "Semiramide," and the houses have been overcrowded; but, strange to say, the New York press publishes no correspondence from Mexico, and we hear next to nothing of the events of the operatic season there. From Mexico the company make a prodigious journey to San Francisco, and thence to New York, where they appear in March.

Otto Hegner is a financial failure. The management admits this. His concerts outside of New York and Boston did not pay expenses, and the boy was brought back to New York, where he gave three *matinées* at Amberg's Theatre, which were very poorly attended. At these *matinées* he improvised on themes given by the audience. The boy has made many friends here, and his talent is fully recognised; but he does not draw money.

D'Albert gave several piano recitals at Steinway Hall which were very largely attended. The programmes were very long and were played entirely from memory. A *suite* of his own composition attracted much attention. A grand farewell concert was given by D'Albert and Sarasate at the Metropolitan Opera House, and now the two great artists have gone off on a western tour.

Gilbert and Sullivan's "Gondoliers" was anticipated with great interest, and there was a distinguished audience on the first night at the New Park

Theatre. The music was greatly admired, but the company generally condemned. That an exception was made in favour of Miss Palliser was not because she was an American girl, but because she was really the best singer in the troupe. All the others were mediocre, and the managers who were in the audience with intention of producing the work elsewhere were seized with alarm. Cable despatches were at once sent to D'Oyley Carte demanding a better troupe; and it is understood that he is now on a steamer due here next week. Mr. Carte attributed the lack of interest felt in the "Yeoman of the Guard" to the incapacity of the American company which produced it at the New York Casino; but this condemned company was far better than the insignificant troupe which Mr. Carte sent hither to imperil the success of Sullivan's latest work. An American troupe, with Marion Manola as the prima donna, will produce the "Gondoliers" February 3rd, at the elegant Amphion Theatre in Brooklyn. Robert Hilliard is the tenor. Other companies are forming for Boston and for the Western cities. The future success of the opera in this country is a contested point, but the coming publication of the music will aid in extending its popularity. As it is, the leading numbers are nightly encored at the Park Theatre, the quartette "In a contemplative fashion" always creating a *furor*. By the way, the contralto of the Carte company—Miss Tally—should be exempted from the general condemnation visited on her companions, for she sings and acts well in the part of the Duchess of Plaza Toro. The popular comedian, Francis Wilson, who has for a year been making a success of the opera "The Oolah," intends to drop that work, take up the "Gondoliers," and appear himself as the Duke. I do not think there will be much pirating of this opera, for the managers who are authorised to produce it will have companies enough on the road to cover all the profitable territory.

Offenbach's "Brigands" is running indefinitely at the Casino. A new company is forming here to play the "Black Hussar."* Divers opera companies are ranging throughout the country with more or less success, but they are more tenacious of life than the dramatic troupes which are stranding on every side and seeking "Home, sweet Home" in vain.

Among recent concerts in New York are those of the Palestrina Choir in unaccompanied vocal music; of Herr Nikisch from Boston in an orchestral entertainment of rare merit; in musical evenings by Theodore Thomas's orchestra at Lenox Lyceum; a new and elegant elliptical concert room in the style of the Royal Albert Hall, London, though on a smaller scale; by the Metropolitan Musical Society, a very fine choral body of voices which aims to be extremely fashionable as well as artistically superior; of the Urania Glee Club, an association of twenty-five voices, chiefly from the choir of St. Paul's Chapel; of Ferdinand Carri, a local violinist of decided merit; of the Philharmonic Club of professional instrumentalists; and of the English Glee Club, four members of which sing such old glees as "By Celia's Arbor," &c., in a style which is simply perfection.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS.

CONCERTS.

LONDON AND SUBURBS.

A singularly fine rendering of Mendelssohn's posthumous Quintet in B flat, always one of the special favourites at the Popular Concerts, opened the proceedings last Saturday. Madame Neruda, whose final appearances for this season are arranged for to-day and Monday, was associated with MM. Ries, Straus, Gibson, and Piatti. Beethoven's little Serenade Trio—we use the adjective more as a term of endearment than to convey an impression of diminutiveness—brought the concert to a close, Mr. Straus doing the fullest justice to the interesting Viola part. The pianist was Mr. Franz Rummel, who gave a conscientious and intelligent reading of the "Waldstein" Sonata, proving that the physical difficulties of the work are in no way beyond his powers: its intellectual difficulties are by no means so considerable as some would have us believe. Miss Liza Lehmann sang with her own especial grace of style two old-fashioned songs, which she much affects, and "When Fairyland was young," by Somervell (not "Somerville," as printed in the programmes), also, as an *encore*, a French song by Gounod. Mr. Frantzen was the accompanist.

(* Query "Red Hussar?"—ED. M. W.)

At the Popular Concert on Monday the concerted pieces were Mendelssohn's string quartet in E flat, op. 12, and Schumann's pianoforte trio in D minor, both of which were led by Madame Neruda, who was associated in the quartet with MM. Ries, Straus, and Piatti, and in the trio with the last-named and Mr. Rummel. Madame Neruda also played in her best style, Vitali's quaint and interesting Chaconne in G minor, which, if a better-written pianoforte accompaniment could be supplied, would bear more frequent hearing. Mr. Rummel played very tastefully Chopin's Nocturne in D flat, op. 27, but was too gusty in Schubert's Impromptu in A flat (op. 90, No. 4) and Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso." The audience, however, had apparently no fault to find, and their enthusiasm was not allayed till the pianist had given Chopin's Berceuse as an "extra." Miss Christine Nielson, a young American, who has recently been studying with Mr. Henschel, was the vocalist. She was naturally nervous, and her first song—"Brahma" "Wie bist du meine Königin"—suffered in consequence. She was much more successful in Rubinstein's "Sehnsucht," but in both showed much intelligence and feeling. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano of good quality and power, but it will be necessary to hear her again before finally pronouncing on her merits.

The first Students' Concert for the year was given on the evening of the 30th ult., at the Royal College of Music. It is to be noted that, with one exception, all the items of the programme were executed by female pupils; and this predominance, which is to be observed at all our training schools, leads one to wonder whether we are "within measurable distance" of the day when a much-discussed question will be settled by the appearance of that long-expected phenomenon, a great female composer. Assuredly the ability and enterprise of the "ewig-weibliche" are no longer to be doubted, and it only remains for the sex to exhibit those qualities in the domain of composition. But to speak of the particular occasion which has given cause for these remarks, Miss Annie Grimson (an ex-scholar) and Miss Ethel Sharpe have already proved their right to rank as qualified performers rather than as students; and Miss Cecile Elieson, by her rendering of Spohr's Barcarole and Scherzo for violin solo, showed that she is soon about to take rank with them, her performance being conspicuous alike for tone and execution; nor should we forget to praise the delicacy and tenderness of the piano accompaniment played by Miss Louise Sington, a young lady who also played the piano part in Schumann's Fantasiestücke for pianoforte, violin and cello, in company with Miss Cecile Elieson and a younger sister, a cellist whose height scarcely surpassed that of her instrument, but who gave promise of becoming some day a skilled performer. Two of Mendelssohn's duets were very charmingly sung by Misses C. Russell and E. Tatham, and Miss Guelielma Hack did full justice to Stanford's pretty air, "There's a bower of roses," her sympathetic voice and command of expression being greatly appreciated. Mr. John Sandbrook, the only male performer, exhibited a fine well-trained bass voice in an air "On Love's wings," from Handel's "Rodelinda," and Miss Isabella Donkersley was thoroughly satisfactory in the violin part of Grieg's Sonata in C minor, op. 45. Sir G. Grove took occasion to mention that in deference to the prevailing taste for coming late to concerts the future ones would begin at 8, instead of 7.30. It will be interesting to see whether Sir George's guests will arrive any more punctually in consequence of the alteration.

The Highbury Philharmonic Society's third concert (of the twelfth season) took place on the evening of the 3rd inst., at the Athenæum, Highbury New Park, under the conductorship of Mr. G. H. Betjemann. The crowded state of the hall gave ample proof of the estimation in which the society's performances are held in the neighbourhood; and the knowledge that this crowd had come together to hear two works almost new to London inevitably forced on the mind a comparison between the curiosity of some suburban audiences and the apathetic indifference with which the production of a novelty is generally received at St. James's or the Albert Hall. The two works in question were Dr. Parry's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" and Dr. Mackenzie's "Dream of Jubal." Of each of these pieces the society gave on the whole a highly creditable performance, though there seemed to be traces that "it" (we will not name the accursed thing) had been at work; neither was the fog which filled the hall calculated to add brilliancy or charm to the voices of the performers. And as though fate had determined to do its worst, a lengthy stoppage was caused in the middle of one of the airs of Dr. Parry's Ode by the illness of a member

of the band; but a substitute being soon forthcoming, no further harm was done. The soloists in the Ode were Miss Carlotta Elliot and Mr. Frank Ward, to whom were added, for Dr. Mackenzie's work, Miss Alice Suter and Mr. Edwin Houghton, with Mr. Charles Fry to recite Mr. Bennett's graceful and poetical lines. All the soloists acquitted themselves with fair success, Mr. Houghton being especially successful in the Song of the Sickle, which was enthusiastically encored. We should add that between the two choral works the band gave a good rendering of Schubert's Symphony in B minor. The whole performance was conducted by Mr. G. H. Betjemann with conspicuous ability and care. At the next concert on March 24 Dr. Mackenzie's Pibroch, produced at the last Leeds Festival, will be played by Mr. Betjemann, the composer himself being present to conduct.

The Musical Guild is carrying its operations far afield. The enterprise is commendable, if the concert given by the young people who compose that excellent society on January 30 be taken as an example of their extended operations. It was given in the studio of Mr. Henry Holiday at Oak Tree House, Hampstead, and the general interest of the programme, not less than the excellence of its interpretation, was duly appreciated by the dwellers on those Boreal heights. Schubert's String Quartett in D minor, Beethoven's Trio in D, Op. 70, and Schumann's Quintett for Pianoforte and Strings in E flat were the instrumental items, while the vocalists were Miss Anna Russell and Mr. Daniel Price, who sang admirably songs by Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Gounod. The list of instrumentalists included Miss Winifred Holiday, Miss Maggie Moore, Messrs. Jasper Sutcliffe, Wallace Sutcliffe, W. H. Squire, Arthur Bent, Alfred Hobday, J. T. Field, and Frederic Sewell, accompanist.

Madame Sara Palma, described as "of La Scala, Milan," and remembered for her performance in "La Prima Donna" at the Avenue Theatre, gave a concert in Princes' Hall on the afternoon of Thursday of last week. She possesses a full and pleasing voice, which she uses with refinement of manner and expression. All these qualities were turned to excellent account in Verdi's "Caro Nome" and Gounod's "Ave Maria," and the excellence of her style was seen to equal advantage in the duet, "Quis Est Homo," in which she was joined by Madame Patey. The latter artist also sang with much charm Tosti's "Venetian Song," while Mr. Alec Marsh and Mr. George Sinclair contributed songs with effect. Mention must be made of the appearance of Senor Pietro Uria Y Guetary, a Spanish tenor with a resonant and sympathetic voice, who sang with much passion and vigour Donizetti's "Com è gentil," and two charming songs of his own composition. Miss Nettie Carpenter and Mr. Leo Stern played with good effect violin and 'cello solos, and Signor Tito Mattei, the pianist, followed an inadequate rendering of Chopin's beautiful Nocturne in D flat by his own "Vesuvio" Valse, the vulgarity of which was accentuated by its position in the programme. Mr. Sidney Naylor was, as usual, an admirable accompanist.

The first concert of the Merton Choral Society was given at St. Mary's Mission Hall, Merton, on Monday last, to a large and appreciative audience. The society, which was only started in November last, already numbers about forty voices, and promises, to judge by its intelligent and expressive performance of several unaccompanied part songs by Mendelssohn, Schumann's "Gipsy Life," and other items, to reflect much credit on its conductor, Mr. F. Gilbert Webb. The pleasure of the evening was further enhanced by the artistic singing of the Misses Kempson and Raynes and the pianoforte playing of Mrs. Woodrow.

The members of the Grosvenor Club gave an admirable smoking concert on Monday evening. Messrs. Percy, Charles, and Hopkins Ould played the andante and final allegro from Mendelssohn's C minor trio with excellent effect; Mr. Charles Ould two pieces by Fischer and Goltermann with the beauty of tone and finished phrasing which always distinguish his performances; Mr. Percy Ould a difficult and showy composition of Vieuxtemps in a manner which should soon place him in the front rank of violinists; and the veteran clarinettist, Mr. Lazarus, pieces by Weber and Cavallini in his inimitable fashion. The vocalists were Mr. Edward Branscombe, the possessor of a light tenor voice of excellent quality, which he

manages with great skill, and Mr. Stanley-Smith, a bass whom we hope to hear again.

At the Hampstead Conservatoire Hall, on January 30, Mr. Charles Fry gave a recital of "The Merchant of Venice," with Sullivan's incidental music. Mr. Fry's abilities as a reciter are so well and favourably recognised that it need only be said here that he met the heavy exactions of his task with unvarying success. The music was performed by a small orchestra, conducted by Mr. Berthold Tours, and added much to the pleasures of the evening. In addition to Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, there were given Pinuti's part song, specially written for Mr. Fry, "Tell me where is Fancy bred?" and the conductor's march, "The Merchant of Venice."

Mr. Walter Macfarren lectured at the London Institution on Thursday evening of last week, taking as his subject "Mendelssohn and his Lieder Ohne Worte." The interesting discourse, illustrated plentifully by a number of the popular "songs," which included the "Duetto," the Volkslied, and the Frühlingslied, was listened to attentively by a crowded and sympathetic audience.

A dramatic and musical entertainment was given in the "French Chamber" of St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening by Mr. Richard Shipman, a reciter of considerable talent and versatility. The room was very full and the audience appreciative. Songs were contributed by Miss Marjorie Field Fisher, a contralto who possesses a sympathetic voice and much feeling, but whose obvious inexperience renders criticism undesirable; by Mr. Arnold Bartlett, a tenor; and by Madame Bulow, R.A.M., who also played Weber's "Invitation" in a style which we devoutly hope is not habitual with those who claim the R.A.M. as their *Alma Mater*.

On Thursday evening the Bohemian Musical Society gave a highly successful smoking concert at the Crystal Palace. Special applause was won, and deservedly, by Mr. Dalgety Henderson, Mr. Alfred Moore, and Mr. Arthur Thomas, and by Mr. Victor Buziau, who contributed violin solos.

PROVINCIAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.)

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Max Mayer gave his annual chamber concert in the Concert Hall on the 28th ult. He was assisted by Mr. Willy Hess (violin), Mr. Vieuxtemps (cello), and Madame Hess, who sang several German songs with considerable success. The programme was chiefly interesting from the fact of its containing two admirable works hitherto unknown here. Goldmark's Trio in E minor, Op. 33, is of the same melodious character as his "Rustic Wedding" Symphony; whilst Paderewski's Sonata for piano and violin in A minor, Op. 13, contains much musicianly and highly-finished writing, such as our previous acquaintance with this composer's lighter pianoforte style did not lead us to expect. The concert concluded with Schumann's D minor Trio. The Vocal Society gave their third subscription concert on the 29th ult. Mendelssohn's setting of the 95th psalm, "O come let us sing" was excellently rendered, as was Dr. Bridge's humorous part song, "dedicated to his friend Dr. Turpin," and entitled "Bold Turpin." The words of the part song have been selected from the "Pickwick Papers," and Dr. Bridge has provided the legend with excellent music, as full of character as the words themselves. The quaint humour which runs through the whole, the Gregorian phrase which accompanies the mention of the bishop, the galloping of the horses, and other effects, cannot conceal the real musical skill in the construction. The most noticeable among the numerous pieces sung for the first time were Gounod's motett "Ave Verum," and an old madrigal by Marenzio entitled "The Shepherd's Pipes." At Sir Charles Hallé's fourteenth concert on the 30th ult. the only orchestral novelty was a Scherzo in D minor by Lalo; but the work was injudiciously placed, following—as it did—a splendid performance of Schumann's "Spring" Symphony. A comparison between the scherzos of the two composers was thus inevitable, and Lalo's work suffered accordingly. Madame de Swiatlowsky, announced as "prima donna contralto from the Imperial Opera of Moscow," made her first appearance in England. This lady possesses a pure rich voice of good compass, and sang Russian songs by

The Greatest of all Pianofortes. The STEINWAY PIANOFORTES. New York & London.
The Greatest of all Pianofortes. The STEINWAY PIANOFORTES. New York & London.
The Greatest of all Pianofortes. The STEINWAY PIANOFORTES. New York & London.

Glinka, Tchaikowsky, and others, in a manner which met with heartily expressed approval. Herr Hausmann played two movements from a cello concerto in D by Molique, an Adagio by Bargiel, and a pleasing piece by Davidoff entitled "Am Spring brunnen." The quality of tone produced by Herr Hausmann was certainly poor, but this is probably owing to the instrument, and in all other respects his playing was admirable.

BIRMINGHAM, FEBRUARY 4.—Mr. Stockley's orchestra of eighty performers may now fairly claim ability to do justice to any orchestral work, however intricate, abstruse, and difficult. The programme on Thursday last, on the occasion of Mr. Stockley's second orchestral concert of the present season included Mendelssohn's delightful Scotch Symphony, Grieg's Suite, "Peer Gynt," Dvorák's Scherzo Capriccioso, Op. 66, and Mozart's "Zauberflöte" overture. Mr. Stockley must be given credit for having thoroughly mastered the characteristic points of Grieg's score, the pianissimos being given with rare delicacy. The Trolldans especially, with its remarkable climax, produced an electrifying effect. The excerpt from Dvorák, which was first heard in England at the Crystal Palace in 1884, is as original in its orchestration as any of the Bohemian master's works. It was well performed, but did not produce the effect of Grieg's charming Suite. Miss Damian and Mr. Charles Manners were the vocalists, and Mr. Carrodus solo violinist. Miss Damian chose Meyerbeer's song from "Dinorah," "Fanciulle, che il core," which suited her voice admirably, and a new song by Tosti, entitled "Winged Echoes." Mr. Charles Manners, who has entirely devoted himself to the concert platform, sang with taste and refinement. Our great English violin virtuoso played Bach's Chaconne in D minor and Wieniawski's Legende in G minor and Mazurka in G major. His broad and finished style were chiefly manifest in Bach's difficult solo, which was given in a masterly manner; however, it was a pity Mr. Carrodus did not play a concerto, which would have been the proper thing to do, having an orchestra at hand. We have also to record another gigantic success attained by our local popular *entrepreneurs*, the Messrs. Harrison, whose third grand popular subscription concert took place last night at the Town Hall, and again attracted an enormous and highly fashionable house, at which the following well-known artists assisted: Miss Alice Gomez, Miss Marie Titiens, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Charles Wade, Mr. Maybrick, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Senor Albeniz (piano), Miss Marianne Eissler (violin), Mons. Joseph Hollmann (violin-cello), and Signor Carlo Ducci (conductor). Two of the above named artistes made their *début*, Miss Marie Titiens (niece of the late Madame Titiens), and Senor Albeniz. We certainly gladly welcomed the bearer of so illustrious a name in musical art. The young lady as she appeared on the platform (where her aunt Madame Titiens so often aroused the house to enthusiasm by her exquisite art) seemed somewhat nervous, but she sang with feeling and in an artistic manner. Her voice, a light soprano, has the true metal and that peculiar and pleasant *timbre* we love to hear. In course of time, doubtless, power will develop. We shall not enter into details of a quasi ballad-concert given by such well known artists, but we certainly cannot quite understand the success scored by Miss Alice Gomez. One of the features of the evening was Senor Albeniz's magnificent playing of Weber-Tausig's "Invitation à la Valse."

GLASGOW AND WEST OF SCOTLAND.—So far as musical matters are concerned the past week has been one of the busiest we have experienced for some years in the West of Scotland. Among the events of importance which have taken place we may include the performance at Glasgow, Paisley, and Greenock, on three consecutive evenings, of MacCunn's "Lay of the Last Minstrel;" the production for the first time in Glasgow of the same composer's "Cameronian's Dream;" and the first performance of a new overture by Mr. W. T. Hoeck, a local musician and composer, who is already favourably known by several orchestral compositions—notably a suite in three movements—which have been performed with great success at our orchestral concerts in Glasgow. So far as adequacy of resources is concerned—in the matter of a large efficient orchestra and an experienced chorus thoroughly familiar with the music from frequent orchestral rehearsals and previous performances of the work—the presentation of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" by the Glasgow Choral Union under their chorus-master, Mr. Bradley, was certainly the most complete. From a purely artistic standpoint, however, we feel bound to admit that the interpretation of this cantata by the Greenock Choral Society was in many respects superior to the Glasgow performance. There was evidence of an intelligent grasp of the composer's intentions and a dramatically truthful conception of the descriptive music and emotional expression on the part of both the Greenock chorus and their conductor, Mr. Hoeck, which im-

parted a remarkable degree of animation and effectiveness to their rendering of the work. In addition to this the peculiarly symphonic unity of effect which the composer has aimed at in his treatment of the choral and orchestral portions of the composition was admirably brought out, and the performance throughout was characterised by very great artistic finish and refinement of expression. To the musician it was much the most satisfying and enjoyable of the three renderings of the work, the performance at Paisley being far from satisfactory. Mr. Newberry, Madame Spada, Miss Elliot, and Mr. Andrew Black took the solo parts at all three performances, and Mr. Black again distinguished himself by his highly effective rendering of the baritone music. Of the new overture by Mr. Hoeck we hope to speak again, as it received a rather imperfect rendering on the occasion of its production at Greenock, but we may say that it is a most effective work, showing the composer's large command of orchestral resources, his musical scholarship, and refined poetic feeling. Mr. MacCunn's ballad for solo, chorus, and orchestra, "The Cameronian's Dream," which was performed on Thursday last by the Glasgow Choral Union, with Mr. Andrew Black as the soloist, is by no means a remarkable composition. While it gives evidence here and there throughout of the work of the composer's individuality, his musicianly skill and knowledge of orchestral effects, it contains nothing new or original, and is not likely to add to his reputation. Indeed, some parts of the work are very weak, and as a whole it is painfully suggestive of what in the sister art of painting is termed "pot-boiling." We may point out, however, that the poem to which the music has been written is an essentially trivial and feeble effusion, and hardly likely to inspire a composer with any sublime or beautiful ideas. On Saturday evening the last orchestral concert of the season was given, under the conductorship of Mr. Manns. The programme consisted of works performed during the season, and selected by a plebiscite vote of the subscribers and *habitués* of the concerts. Mr. Manns received an ovation at the conclusion of the concert, and a very general desire is expressed that he may return to conduct the concerts next season.

BRISTOL.—On Saturday the series of winter concerts at the Fine Arts Academy were brought to a close, when an interesting programme was presented. Songs were sung by Madame Eva Neate, Mrs. Wensley Miller, and Mr. Lawford Huxtable; instrumental pieces were played by Miss Mawer, Mr. L. Huxtable, and Mr. Fowler; and Mr. E. A. Leonard gave a couple of recitations. The most interesting item was the only violin solo played by Miss Mawer, which consisted of a couple of movements from Beethoven's Sonata in A. Its performance was highly praiseworthy, for to perfect intonation and fulness of tone was added an intelligent conception of a composition which would do credit to an executant of much riper experience. It is satisfactory to note that there was a crowded and appreciative audience at this the final gathering of the season. A concert, given in Westbury-on-Trym Town Hall on Monday for a charitable purpose, drew a large and fashionable audience. The scheme of entertainment was in some respects ambitious, when it is mentioned that it embraced J. S. Bach's fugue in E flat, and the two middle movements from Mendelssohn's fourth Organ Sonata, which were well played by Miss Ethel Miles, a young lady who has received her training under Mr. G. Riseley. Miss Hirtzel, Mr. D'Arcy de Ferrars, Mr. Crewdson, and Mr. Evan Thomas contributed songs more or less familiar. Miss Marguerite Miles played several violin solos, and Miss Miller and Miss Emily Harford rendered pianoforte pieces. Preparations are going on apace for the new series of Monday Popular Concerts. The Mayoress (Lady Wathen) has joined the Ladies' Committee, which is doing good work in obtaining supporters. About 400 guarantors have been secured. No details are yet settled regarding the music, but it may be mentioned that the gentlemen members of the Choral Society will sing at some of the concerts. Up to the present Handel's "The Lord is a Man of War," to be given as a choral duet, and Mendelssohn's "Thou comest here to the Land" have been studied for this purpose.

BRIGHTON.—The announcement that Stavenhagen would give a pianoforte recital attracted a large audience to the Music Room, Royal Pavilion, on Monday evening. Liszt's Sonata in B minor was the opening item of the programme, and throughout this long work the gifted pianist displayed the resources of his instrument, his exquisite technique and artistic ability, to the manifest delight of his hearers. Beethoven's Sonata in E minor (op. 90) followed; the allegretto movement of which was rendered in exceptionally pleasing style. In Schubert's Minuet in B minor, and in Chopin's Prelude in D flat and Fantasie Polonaise in A flat the talented executant was heard to further advantage. The concluding pieces were "Legend of St.

Francis," Sonata, and Rhapsodie, No. 13, all by Liszt. Comment is needless respecting Mr. Stavenhagen's rendering of any of these works, he having, it appears, grasped so closely the spirit of interpretation of his eminent master's compositions. At the close of the recital Mr. Stavenhagen received such an ovation that after bowing his acknowledgment several times he had finally to reseal himself at the piano, and gave a delightful rendering of Liszt's Etude de Paganini in E major. It is to be hoped that Mr. Stavenhagen will visit Brighton again ere long.

CHELTEMHAM.—Now that the usual balls and festivities of the season are nearly ended the concerts are becoming more frequent. The first important item to speak of is Messrs. Dale Forty and Co.'s third grand concert, which took place in the Assembly Rooms on Thursday, the 30th ult., when a chief feature was the first appearance of Miss Alice Gomez. Her rendering of "A Cuban Hammock song" was awarded a vociferous encore, and in response she sang with good expression "Kate O'Shane." Madame Belle Cole was in excellent voice, as were also Messrs. Charles Wade and Maybrick, while the instrumental portion was admirably rendered by Mons. I. Hollman and Senor Albeniz. The Saturday pops. are now in full swing, the best of local talent being engaged to entertain crowded audiences in the Corn Exchange. The arrangements for the performance of "The Golden Legend" and Sullivan's overture, "In Memoriam," by the Musical Festival Society are well in hand, the tickets selling very fast. The artists will be Miss Emily Spada, Mdme. Hope Glenn, and Messrs. Hy. Piercy, T. Brandon, and Watkin Mills, while the band and chorus will number upwards of 200, under the direction of Mr. J. A. Matthews.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.—A successful concert was given here on Thursday of last week in the Exchange Hall. The vocalists were Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Watkin Mills, and the instrumentalists were Miss Florence Barnby (piano) and Mr. Jacques Haakman (violin) and Mr. Frank Walkis (accompanist). These were all well-received, but the honours of the evening were undoubtedly carried off by Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Haakman, the latter gentleman being thrice encored for his violin solos.

REVIEWS.

From NOVELLO and Co.

"The Exile's Farewell," reverie for voice and violin on a prelude by Bach, by W. Jackson, Mus. Bac., Oxon. The prelude taken for a ground-work and piano accompaniment is No. 3 in C minor of the "Small Preludes" on which Mr. Jackson has with rare ability written two melodies, one for the voice and the other for the violin. These themes are both so good and so artistically combined that the result is distinctly a thing of beauty. The words by "J. L." are very suitable.

From Jos. WILLIAMS.

"The Phantom Ship," ballad by Longfellow, set to music for chorus and orchestra by J. Charles B. Tirbutt, Mus. Bac. This is a very effective descriptive work. Though short, it contains much variety and contrast, and realises both in the choruses and orchestral accompaniments the vivid earnestness of the poet's narrative.

The same firm publishes "St. Cecilia," a collection of two-part songs for female voices, comprising fifteen numbers. The composers are Gounod, Schubert, Berlioz, Gluck, Smart, Hullah, Pascal, and Wilfred Bendall.

From CHAPPELL and Co.

An album of twenty characteristic pieces for piano, by Carlo Albanesi, happily exemplify the various *genres* of pianoforte pieces—such as preludes, canzones, scherzos, barcarolles, romances, nocturnes, &c. Each piece is tuneful and well-written, and furnishes a definite and striking example of its kind and name; teachers will, therefore, find the work very useful. The print is large and clear.

From CHARLES WOOLHOUSE.

"In Foreign Lands," six characteristic duets for the piano, by J. Jacques Haakman. The fine effects of harmony and part-writing obtainable by skilful arrangements for two performers are well exemplified in these charming pieces. Mr. Haakman here takes the listener with delightful ease from country to country, No. 1 being "In Spain," No. 2 "In France," No. 3 "In Hungary," No. 4 "In Russia," No. 5 "In Poland," and No. 6 "In Italy," each national character being very cleverly indicated, though the melodies themselves are singularly original. The work will surely be most acceptable to duet players.

From the same firm we have "Fairy Land," a set of three vocal Trios for female voices, with piano accompaniment, by I. A. de Orellana. No. 1. "Ye Spotted Snakes" (Shakespeare); 2. "From Oberon in Fairy Land" (Ben Jonson); 3. "Here in Cool Grot" (Lord Mornington). In each of these trios the spirit of the words is excellently and most musically expressed. One hardly knows which number to prefer. A quite elfish jollity prevails in Nos. 1 and 2; and a delicious repose, to which the clever accompaniment contributes not a little, distinguishes No. 3. All have the great merit of being very effective and not particularly difficult.

From J. and J. HOPKINSON.

From the pen of Miss Mary Carmichael we have two charming duets, "At Daybreak," for soprano and tenor, words by May Gillington, and "Song of the Mill," for soprano and contralto, words by R. S. Hitchins. Both are bright and effective works, the former being a tender melody well harmonised, and the latter having an appropriate *souperon* of the "Mill" rhythm in the accompaniment.

"A Song of the Thames." The words of this song, by E. Myers, are happily eulogistic of the "famous old River," and the music, by H. F. Reynardson, is very graceful, tuneful, and singable, while the accompaniment greatly assists the idea of the water's plash and flow.

"Where Roses Blow" is the name of a pleasing, quaint little love ditty, words by Edith Prince Snowden, music by A. H. Behrend. The title page is prettily illustrated.

<p>FOR THROAT IRRITATION COUGHS & COLDS.</p>	<p>ONLY EFFICIENT PREVENTIVE AGAINST THE PROSTRATING EPIDEMIC OF INFLUENZA. Indispensable for the present season. Of all Chemists 1s. 10d., or for fifteen stamps from the SODEN MINERAL PRODUCE CO. (LTD.), 52, BREAD STREET, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.</p>
<p>SPECIAL- LY RECOMMENDED BY</p>	<p>FOR BRONCHITIS ASTHMA & CATARRHAL AFFECTIONS.</p>
<p>Whose TESTIMONIAL IS WITH EACH BOX</p>	



ANTIQUE OAK CANE-
SEAT CHAIR.
Handsomely carved, 14/9.

CARVED ANTIQUE OAK
HALL TABLE,
3ft. 6in. wide, 38/6.

ANTIQUE OAK CANE-
SEAT CHAIR.
Handsomely carved, 14/9.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, THE BEST FURNISHING GUIDE EXTANT, POST FREE.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT (Regd.).

OETZMANN & CO.,

67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77 & 79,

HAMPSTEAD ROAD,

(Near Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, London.)

ESTABLISHED 1848.

CARPETS, FURNITURE, BEDDING, DRAPERY,

FURNISHING, IRONMONGERY, CHINA, GLASS, &c.

ORDERS PER POST RECEIVE PROMPT AND CAREFUL ATTENTION

IN SIX GRADES, Price Two Shillings each.
Under the Sanction and Approval of the Rev. Sir FREDERICK A. GORE OUSELEY,
Bart., M.A., Mus. Doc., and of Sir G. A. MACFARREN, Mus. Doc.

THE MUSICIAN: A Guide for Pianoforte Students.

By RIDLEY PRENTICE.

Contains Analyses of well-known Pieces progressively arranged, enabling the Pupil to unite a Study of Musical Form with the ordinary Pianoforte Practice.

Times.—"A most valuable work, written by a teacher of great experience to meet a pressing want. As the 'Musician' provides a full critical analysis of about a quarter of the pieces in the list, and gives clear help towards the analysis of the rest, it is manifest we have a great boon in these little books for both teachers and students. The intrinsic excellence of this series is sufficient to ensure its success as soon as known." The intrinsic Saturday Review.—"We are far from suggesting that there is any royal road for acquiring technical knowledge, but Mr. Ridley Prentice's road is in every way the pleasantest that has yet been laid before any pianoforte student."

Academy.—"A knowledge of form is imparted in simple and pleasant language. We heartily commend it to all who desire to understand, satisfactorily interpret, and enjoy beautiful music."

School Board Chronicle.—"A useful book for earnest teachers."
Monthly Music Record.—"No more valuable work of the kind exists."
W. SWANN SONNENSCHN and CO., Paternoster-square; and all Book and Music Sellers.

CASSON'S PATENT ORGAN BUILDING SYSTEM.

Separate Pedal Organs for each Manual. Expressive and Controllable Pedal Bases. Perfect Control of all Couplers. Reduction of number of Claviers without Loss of Efficiency, &c., &c.

See Testimonials from

Mr. W. T. BEST.	The late Mr. J. STIMPSON.
Rev. Sir F. A. GORE OUSELEY, Bart.	Mr. R. BARTHOLOMEW.
Dr. SPARK.	Mr. J. HEYWOOD, Birmingham.
Dr. J. C. BRIDGE, M.A.	Mr. G. A. AUDSLEY, F.R.I.B.A.
Dr. E. W. TAYLOR, F.C.O.	Mr. A. J. HIPKINS, F.S.A.

&c., &c.

APPLY to the SECRETARY:

CASSON'S PATENT ORGAN COMPANY (LIMITED), D E N B I G H

SPECIAL TINNED TUBES

FOR

TUBULAR PNEUMATIC ORGANS.

MELLOWES and CO Lead Pipe Works, SHEFFIELD.

DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE.

For Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and Relaxed Throat, also for Improving the Voice.

FOR SINGING and SPEAKING

Without fatiguing the Voice.

Celebrated in every town in Europe, India, America, and the Colonies. Testimonials from Patti, Trebelli, Patey, Santley, and the most eminent medical men.

Sold in boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; also in bottles for abroad.

ESTABLISHED OVER THREE QUARTERS OF A CENTURY.

A. S. MALLETT, ALLEN and CO.,

Contractors to Her Majesty's Stationery Office,

TYPE MUSIC PRINTERS, LITHOGRAPHERS, &c.

PORTRAITS. (Speciality.)	WINDOW BILLS.	STATIONERY.
POSTERS.	BOOKS.	SHOW CARDS.
	CATALOGUES.	PLANS, &c., &c.

68 & 70, WARDOUR ST., LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address—"ASMAL," LONDON.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

	Per insertion.	Per line after.	Per inch. (Displayed advs.)
Special Notices (Front Page, as far as space will permit), Concerts, Theatres, Amusements, Picture Galleries, Dinners, &c., 4 lines or under...	4s. 6d.	0s. 9d.	10s. 0d.
Publishers' Announcements, Trades, Auctions, Houses and Apartments to Let, &c., 6 lines or under...	3s. 6d.	0s. 6d.	6s. 0d.
Advertisements Over Leader, 4 lines or under...	6s. 0d.	1s. 6d.	—
Paragraph Advertisements (under reading matter), 4 lines or under...	6s. 0d.	1s. 6d.	—
Births, Deaths, and Marriages, 4 lines or under...	2s. 6d.	0s. 6d.	—
Situations, Vacant or Wanted, 4 lines or under...	2s. 0d.	0s. 6d.	—

Quarter, Half, or Whole Pages, as per arrangement with Manager.

LIST OF MUSIC PUBLISHERS, NEWSAGENTS, &c., OF WHOM "THE MUSICAL WORLD" MAY BE PURCHASED OR ORDERED.

	W.C.		W.
Hansard Publishing	12, Catherine-street.	Chappell	50, New Bond-street.
Union	Angel-court, Strand.	Cramer	Regent-street.
Vickers, G.	186, Strand.	Weekes	14, Hanover-street.
Smith & Son	3, Holborn Viaduct.	Ascherberg and Co.	46, Berners-street.
Klein	Southampton-row.	Woolhouse	81, Regent-street.
Parnell	Victoria Hotel, Northumberland-avenue.	Hay, A.	Old Bond-street.
Keith Prowse & Co.	First Avenue Hotel, Holborn.	Justice	Jermyn-street.
Vernon	40, Lamb's Conduit-st.	Shaw	403, Oxford-street.
		Hole	Chapel-place.
		Hopkinson	New Bond-street.
		Mills	New Bond-street.
		Willshire	Fouberts-place, Great Marlboro'-street.
		Pocock and Son, J.	103, Westbourne-grove.
Allen, E. W.	Ave Maria-lane.	Sharp, J. C.	2, Kensington Park-rd.
Kingsbury	Fetter-lane.	Rodwell, J.	202, Kensington Park-rd., Notting Hill G.
Marshall and Co.	Fleet-street.	Chard, G.	30, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.
Willing and Co.	Farringdon-st. Railway Station.	Purkess	Compton Street.
Pottle and Son	Royal Exchange.	George	Stafford-street.
Davis, H.	Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Hill.	Keith Prowse & Co.	Langham Hotel.
Cole, A.	97, Queen-street, Cheapside.	Shaw	101, Davies-st., Oxford-street.
Dawson and Sons	121, Cannon-street.		
Simpson	Red Lion-crt, Fleet-st.		
Bates	8, The Broadway, Ludgate, Hill.		
Green	Mitre-court.		
Blagdon, J.	49, Hanway-street.		
Novello	1, Berners-st., Oxford-street.		
L. M. P. Co.	59, Great Marlboro'-st.		
Ridgway	10, Argyle-street.		
Templeton	38, Great Portland-st.		
Polytechnic	Regent-street.		
Ricordi	Regent-street.		
Forsyth	Regent-circus.		
Holmes	Chapel-place.		
Pitman	41, High-st., Notting Hill.		
Marriott	225, Oxford-street.		

Bath—		Cambridge—	
Green and Marsh	2, Burton-street.	Smith and Son	7, Rose-crescent.
Birkenhead—		Cheltenham—	
Ryall and Jones	Music Warehouse.	Dale, Forty & Co.	8, Promenade-villas.
Birmingham—		Clifton—	
Rogers & Priestley	71 to 73, Colmore-row.	Buckland, G.	Regent-street.
Bolton—		Dover—	
Parvin & Son	Music Warehouse.	Cuff Brothers	New Bridge-street.
Brighton—		Edinburgh—	
Backe, H.	7, Western-rd., Hove.	Paterson and Son	27, George-street.
BEAL & SON	55, East-street	Folkestone—	
Chester, W.	Palace place.	Thorpe's Library	Sandgate-road.
Clifford	112, St. James-street.	Gloucester—	
Cramer and Co.	West street.	Dancey, C. H.	8, Barton-street.
Emery	St. James-street.	Hastings—	
Cramer and Watts	Church-road.	Whiteman, S.	1, York-buildings.
Embling's Library	Preston-street.	Huddersfield—	
Farncombe	92, Eastern road.	Marshall	4, Byrann-street.
Farrant	Gardiner-street.	Leeds—	
Friend	Western road.	Ramsden, A.	12, Park-row.
Franks	104, London-road.	Smith & Son, J. P.	73, Lord-street.
Gillett	25, St. George's road.	Forsyth	
Gillett, R.	161, Marine-parade.	Heywood, J.	
Goofrey	88, Western road.	Kitchen, V. T.	431, Oxford-street.
Sillwood-street.		Newcastle-on-Tyne—	
Houghton	16, St. George's-road.	Horn and Storey	89, Grey-street.
Junor	Queen's road.	Nottingham—	
Lyon and Hall	22, Church-rd., Hove.	Farmet	1, High-street.
Potts and Co.	104, King's-road, and North-street.	Oxford—	
Russell	Stati-a-road, Hove.	Russell & Co.	High-street.
Sands, J.	Upper North-street.	Portsmouth—	
Scott	145, Church-road, Hove.	Treaskell, Creter & Storry	Music Warehouse.
Brighton (Continued)—		Sheffield—	
Sprake	87, St. James-street.	Rodger	Norfolk Market.
Swayland	New Pier.	St. Leonards—	
Treacher's Library	North-street.	King, C.	48, King's-road.
Walsler, J.	38, Western-rd., Hove.		
Wingfield	Victoria-road.		
Wood	Western-street.		

The Manager of "THE MUSICAL WORLD" will be glad to hear from all Music Sellers, Newsagents, &c., willing to take the paper on "sale or return" terms.

ASCHERBERG PIANOS.

.....

"I only perform an act of justice when I ascribe my successes to a great extent to the excellent Instruments from your factory, on which I was favoured to play before the public. Remain convinced that I shall at all times and everywhere give preference to your Pianos over all others, and accept the assurance of my unbounded esteem.

Respectfully,

VLADIMIR VON PACHMANN."

ASCHERBERG PIANO DEPOT,
46, BERNERS STREET, W.

USE
LIEBIG **"COMPANY'S"**
EXTRACT OF BEEF

FOR

IMPROVED AND ECONOMIC COOKERY.

*Invaluable for flavouring, improving and
strengthening SOUPS, GRAVIES,
AND MADE DISHES.*

J. Liebig

*Forty Pounds of Prime Lean
Beef are used to make One Pound
of Extract of Beef.*



See Signature in Blue Ink (as above) across the Label on each Jar of the Genuine Extract.

COOKERY BOOKS (indispensable for ladies) sent FREE on application to the

LIEBIG'S
EXTRACT OF MEAT COMPANY, LIMITED,
9, Fenchurch-Avenue, E.C.